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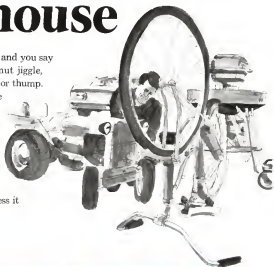
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Next week

"NINETY NINE" the idol of Italy, is back at the U.S. to defend his middleweight title. In a fight preview, Gilbert Rogan reports from the Bernese Alps and Emile Griffith camps

A U.S. PRIZE for more than a century, the America's Cup is again the object of a foreign invasion. Yachtsman Carleton Mitchell and our camera report on the races off Newport.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER his college days, Paul Gallico reminisces about his career as an oarsman when rowing was the big sport on campus and sometimes even front-page news.

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TABLE 1. *Continued*

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Marion, Austin (Texas), Jimmy Banks, Baltimore.

Walter Ward, John Knight, Don Hargens, Edgington (Miss.), Duke Connolly, Sam (Miss.), Ray

Giffin, Bruce, Leo Monahan, $S_{12}S_{13}$, Dick John-

This is our 1967 pro football issue, and in it you will find a story by Tex Maule on the problems facing the two league color photographs of such stars as Gale Sayers and Mike Garrett in action, and scouting reports on the 16 NFL and nine AFL teams—Can Green Bay's Grabowski and Anderson carry on in place of Taylor and Hornung? How is Joe Namath's knee? What will the Bears do for a tight end? It is a thorough preview of what should be an exciting season, but nowhere in its 38 pages will you find mention of Quarterback George Packard or forecast of



to a passer as a "tower." They and the rest of the Harrison Street Athletic Club are a decidedly earthy lot for a bunch of Princetonians. So is the game they play, which is not the kind of touch football Ethel Kennedy plays at Haverford.

Packard approximated his way toward gridiron glory with the Harrison Street AC by playing tackle at Garden City High School on Long Island, part-time quarterback for club intramural teams at Bowdoin College, and for an industrial league in Florida while in the Coast Guard, and backfield coach at Millbrook, N.Y. Retireded Tackle Packard defends his metamorphosis into a quarterback by declaring that "I'm a little overage for running downfield and catching passes or hitting people." If you remind him that he is only 35, he will probably mumble something to the effect that he has "made quite a study of passing." Mostly that means he has watched an awful lot of pro games.

"There's a lot of Tennyson's *Ulysses*—my favorite poem—in this story," Packard says. "It's the same sort of thing, in a different kind of way." You might say this piece is an outgrowth of tales told by Ulysses to his faithful wife Penelope upon his return home from mighty deeds on Princeton University's freshman field. ("We've always wanted to play in Palmer Stadium," Packard says, "but they won't let us.")

Come winter, the Harrison Street boys will lend the same grace and etheral beauty to basketball. "All the same people play," Packard says. "You can imagine what that's like." To help you imagine, Packard is a 6'4", 210-pound forward. What is his best virtue as a basketball player? (Long pause.) "Well, I'm hard to move."

As you will discover—and as Tree, Ham, Buffalo or Jimmy Breslin might say—he moves the English language pretty good.

how his Harrison Street Athletic Club touch football team will fare this year. Packard's story, *It Was Only a Game of Touch*, begins on page 108.

George Packard is a teacher on weekdays. In fact, he is chairman of the English department. The school happens to be Princeton Day School, and Packard is indulging in legal and literary license when he moves the scene of Sunday's heroics from Princeton to the mythical site of North Paterson, N.J. "I changed the name to North Paterson," he admits, "because Princeton doesn't swell like it would produce people like Tree, Ham and Buffalo."

To keep the dramatics personae straight, Tree is a tentacled tight end, Ham is a red-dogger who sounds like a locomotive going over a bridge and Buffalo is a con-artist coach who refers

Harry Falk

FOOTLOOSE

Outer Baldonia struggles for its fishy place as a somewhat emergent nation

Nations have been founded for a number of reasons, but the Principality of Outer Baldonia may be the only one that owes its existence to the spirit of pure spoof. Before the 1950s Baldonia was not a nation at all. It was a bleak eight-acre mass of rock shaped vaguely like a torpedo, lying 18 miles off the coast of Wedgeport, Nova Scotia. It was called, unromantically, Outer Bald Tusket Island. But an ardent fisherman, Russell M. Arundel, chairman of the Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co. of Long Island, spotted it while attending the International Tuna Cup Match in 1949, thought it deserved better and bought it for \$750.

Now, despite his precise occupation, Mr. Arundel is a man with a pronounced romantic streak. His first act as sole proprietor of this unprepossessing chunk of Atlantic rock was to rename it Outer Baldonia, his second was to declare it an independent principality of sport fishermen, with himself as the ruling Prince of Princes. To surround himself with a suitable court, he installed his fishermen friends—who are businessmen from the U.S. and Canada—as vassal princes, knights and admirals, depending on their prowess with rod and reel.

Like another offshoot nation of the West, Baldonia began its career with an official Declaration of Independence. Its premises: "Fishermen are endowed with the following inalienable rights: The right to lie and be believed; The right of freedom from questioning, nagging, shaving, interruption, women, taxes, politics, war, monologues, cant and inhibition; The right to applaud, vanity, flattery, praise and self-inflation; The right to swear, lie, drink, gamble and be violent; The right to be noisy, boisterous, quiet, petulant, expulsive and hilarious."

But in spite of such official trappings as a national flag consisting of a tuna tail in a circle of white on a sea-green background and stationery with the Great Seal of the Prince of Princes in gold leaf, the only institution in any world capital to officially recognize Outer Baldonia was the Washington, D.C. telephone directory.

Undaunted, the Prince went right ahead making proclamations of a vixen nature and unwavering solemnity. He tried to issue stamps (a failure) and to talk Rand McNally into putting Baldonia on the map (a success). In a confidential letter in 1951 he revealed that all representatives of the Soviet Union and Red China had been fed to the tuna. Although probably unaware of this correspondence, the Russians sensed a new menace in the North Atlantic and in 1952 the otherwise staid Moscow *Literary Gazette* attacked Outer Baldonia as an im-

continued



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FOOTLOOSE continued

peraltistic stronghold promised by Wall Street. Actually, the island's only residents for the past century have been a herd of wild sheep and some seals.

The Russians' vicious attack was noted widely in the Canadian newspapers, whereupon the Royal Yacht Club of Halifax offered to contribute all its vessels to Outer Baldonia. One of the members of the club was with the Nova Scotia legislature. He made a speech exonerating Russia and moved that the government legally recognize the independence of the island principality, and it did. Its only condition, the Baldonians must continue to pay the equivalent of their real-estate taxes into the Nova Scotia treasury each year.

At this point, the governments of the United States and Canada got into the act, each issuing a White Paper "with its tongue embedded deeply in its cheek." The United States ridiculed Russia for attacking seriously and publicly an institution created in pure fun. Not that any of this improved the Prince. "We didn't ask the United States to recognize our independence. We haven't recognized their independence."

Probably the best feature of Outer Baldonia is that no one ever has to live there. The only building on the island is the Royal Palace, actually a humble cottage. The Prince himself has spent only one night in it, which he reports was "windy, cold and miserable." The citizens, when they gather for a fishing party, usually rent hotel rooms in Wedgeport, which they rarely use.

"You don't get up," says the Prince. "You stay up. You find some convenient bar or table to collapse on. By 5.30 in the morning you're out fishing. You have breakfast on the way out, usually lobster stew, cooked on the boat, and masses of coffee. You sit in the rip tide, and some of you hope you get a tuna, and some hope you don't."

Each year the Baldonians conduct their own spoof of the International Tuna Cup Match, with prizes for the ugliest fish, the most beautiful, the smallest and even the most intelligent-looking. "We get letters from all over the world," says the Prince, "from people wanting to belong. One English fellow even has great plans for populating the island—he wants to emigrate. Vice-President Barkley, under Truman, wanted to be Secretary of the Outer Baldonia Treasury. He wanted to handle a treasury with no money, no assets, no debts, just a blank piece of paper and a few speeches." Eventually even one honorary princess was added, Arundel's former secretary, Florence McGinnis, because, she says, "I was doing all the paperwork." She has never been to the island because of the law against women, but the Prince says that none of the wives ever wanted to go to a place as unfriendly as Outer Baldonia anyway.

—NANCY C. COE



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A man with short dark hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a long-sleeved button-down shirt with a red and orange plaid pattern. He is looking slightly to his left. The background is a solid light orange color.

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Nicholas P. Russo talks it over with MONY man, Eli Zucker. CLU

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BOOKTALK

Jimmie Dykes remembers his years as one of baseball's most parapetetic managers

As a baseball manager, Jimmie Dykes was always on the move. He was fired out of Chicago, out of Philadelphia, out of Cleveland and even out of Hollywood. He was traded away by Detroit, and he left Baltimore of his own free will. This restless path convinced him that a manager is only as good as the players he ends up with. In his autobiography, *You Can't Steal First Base* (J. B. Lippincott Company, \$3.95), which was written with the help of Charles O. Deaver, Dykes says of all field managers like himself, "If he's managing a loser he just smells firing in the air." Public statements to the contrary, "a general manager's 'vote of confidence' is regarded as a sure sign the axe is being sharpened."

Of all Jimmie's bosses Bill DeWitt was the biggest headache: "[He] offered me free advice every day. But what irked me most of all was that no detail of Tiger play was too small for his eagle eye." Wives sitting together spell trouble, too, says Dykes. "They compare salaries and when they find that one husband is being paid less than another they needle their husbands when they go home."

The most spirited portions of Dykes' book deal with his years as a player rather than as a manager, years with the Philadelphia Athletics and Chicago White Sox—when he was trying to hit Burtage Grimes's spiner on the dry side,aved Pepper Martin's spikes-high slide into third and, of course, beat the Yankees. The Yankees "not only beat us [the Athletics] regularly in the days when we'd been the footstool of the American League," writes Jimmie, "they never stopped. They were remorseless, rabid. They kept right on hitting until they were weary and we were flat."

But from their prone position those footstoolers rose to become Connie Mack's powerful Philadelphia of the late '30s. They won three pennants in a row and two World Series.

Like all baseball talk, Dykes's book is liberally seasoned with corn syrup. Dykes reflects tradition and convention by insisting that baseball will never be what it was in the good old days. He even tests the crack teams from Philadelphia to St. Louis.

With the rookies in the upper berth—over the jet travel of today. "We took things as they were," Jimmie says. "We didn't have air-conditioned clubhouse, with wall-to-wall carpeting. We hung our street clothes in narrow, open lockers and trod bare boards. The showers trickled tepid water."

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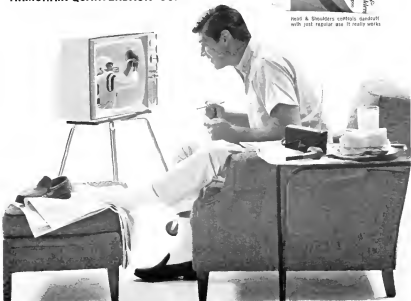
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News: Hathaway invents a new kind of cotton weave and calls it Oxford Tweed.

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"Can't be done," they said, with a sniff of finality.

"Can be done," said Hathaway, showing them an ancient swatch of hand-woven English fabric dug out of the fabric archives.

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SCORECARD

LIGHT AND SHADOW FOR SOCCER

The attempt to merge the National Professional Soccer League and the United Soccer Association has failed, and something less than a feeling of friendly rivalry prevails. The NPSL is suing the USA and FIFA (International Federation of Football Associations), soccer's international governing body, for \$18 million. FIFA recognizes the USA, and does not recognize the NPSL, which feels slighted.

On the other hand there is, here and there, a bright spot. The Atlanta Chiefs of the NPSL, for instance, were considered least likely to succeed since Atlanta's population is without ethnic interest in the game. But the Chiefs, in this first season of professional soccer, in a city with no substantial background in the sport, attracted an average attendance of 7,000 to their 15 home games for a total draw of 107,000.

SOX SCORE

Operators of the Las Vegas gambling parlors are shaking like a craps shooter's fist as the American League pennant race draws to a close. Sammy Cohen, who operates the Santa Anita Race Book there, says, "If them Boston Red Sox win that flag we get hurt real bad."

"We were offering Boston, along with Washington and Kansas City, for 100 to 1 at the start of the season," he explains, "and there were quite a few guys who took some action on that one."

A Boston victory, he said, would mean an outlay of \$30,000 to \$35,000 for the book and his net loss would be between \$15,000 and \$20,000.

SIDELINE KICKERS

College football's new punt-return rule, which restricts the number of players who can go downfield once the ball is snapped, will cause some innovations this year, especially in the Southwest Conference.

Texas Tech, for instance, has two of the country's finest place-kickers in sophomore Jerry Don Sanders, who has

lacked a field goal from as far out as 59 yards, and Ken Vinyard, with a 55-yard record to his credit. Now Coach J. T. King has been experimenting with the idea of having them place-kick out of bounds in punting situations. Six out of seven of their kicks went out of bounds in one session, and the other traveled 59 yards.

Rice's Bo Hagan also has his place-kicker, Wayne Kennedy, booting the ball toward the sidelines.

"I just didn't have enough nerve to ask our punters to kick out of bounds," Hagan explained. "They have enough trouble kicking straight."

Texas Coach Darrell Royal is a dissenter in the movement. According to him, punts or place kicks out of bounds average about eight yards less than those that stay in bounds.

"What's more discouraging," asked Hagan, "losing eight yards or having somebody run it back 60?"

The rule had a real test on Saturday in the Villanova-West Virginia game. On three quick kicks of 34, 56 and 45 yards West Virginia's return ace, John Mallory, gained a total of only 32 yards, an average of just under 11. But on three regular punt returns Mallory gained 64 yards, averaging 21. Kicking of a different sort helped West Virginia win, 40-0. Its soccer-style kicker, Ken Juszkowich, performed perfectly. He set his college's record of four field goals—41, 37, 36 and 23 yards—and four points after touchdown.

BIRD WATCHERS' ALERT

Here and there are little societies that believe quite firmly in the existence of the Loch Ness monster and flying saucers. Now we have SOPHIE.

SOPHIE members believe that the pterodactyl, generally thought to have been extinct for 170 million years—a good long time on any calendar—has survived and is flitting about England and, perhaps, other places. SOPHIE stands for Save Our Pterodactyls and

Help Ignorant Eagles. Its president, Brian Luckins of Reading, England, who is 23 years old, claims to have seen a pterodactyl and will not say precisely where. All he will reveal is that it was flying south at an altitude of 500 feet over the Chilterns. Naturally, he does not want the curious ignorant among us scaring it away.

"I am sure there are quite a few flying around England all the time," Luckins says. "The trouble is educating people to know a pterodactyl when they see one." That is the trouble with eagles, too, he explains. Eagles think they are pterodactyls.

Assisting Luckins in his research is Christine Jennings-Poole, a young geologist, who speculates that pterodactyls breed in the crevices of rocks or holes in the ground. This is confirmed, to an extent, by the fact that in 1840 two French miners, digging in a cave, disturbed one of the birdlike reptiles, which flew away and has not been seen since by any sober person.

OP, POP AND NOW PLOP

Many of today's artists seem to be going Mod or Mad, but there is a sculptor in Albuquerque who favors Mud. Julie Graham has a whole neighborhood building a two-story, playground structure made mainly of adobe bricks.

With the help of a score of adults who



live near the playground and a team of willing-to-work teen-agers, the bricks were formed and baked in the sun. Then Mrs. Graham and the boys built a play tower that has a cave, some windows to climb through, a series of flagstone steps up to twin towers, a slide and a rope for swinging or climbing. A horde of preschool Tarzans, mountain climbers, se-

continued

lunkers and Geronimos are anxious to try it, and a final coat of cement stucco over the mud bricks should be finished this month.

Mrs. Graham, wife of an architect, already has several more mud-tower commissions for other playgrounds. They're fun to build and dirt cheap.

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

Among the largest catfish taken in the history of Anglers Little Lake in Hemet, Calif. were two caught recently by Mrs. Barbara Walling of Anaheim. She caught both fish on the same night, one weighing 18 pounds and the other 14.

Her bait: Wheaties soaked in strawberry soda.

LAMBORGHINI IN YOUR FUTURE?

Too big for a window display at Tiffany's, the Auto Expo International at the Los Angeles Sports Arena had other resemblances to an exhibition of fine jewels. It was a showing of expensive foreign sports cars, garnished with antique beauties and highlighted by a few new sports-car types that never had been shown in the U.S. before.

Among them: the Lamborghini Marzal, with a 175 hp engine in its slack body, able to move at 130 miles an hour. It has gull-wing doors, quite like those introduced by Mercedes in 1955, but the Lamborghini doors are made of glass. The cost of the windshield, a perfect, distortion-free mold, was estimated at \$1,000. The body, designed by Bertone, includes rubber bumpers and black louvers over the rear engine. One of a kind, the Lamborghini was used as a pace car for Prince Rainier and Princess Grace at the Monaco Grand Prix. It can be had for about \$75,000.

Then there was the Alfa Romeo Scaramio—a steel-gray rocket on four wheels. Equipped with 174 hp, it can do 150 mph, has a liftable glass top for an entrance and looks as if it had been chopped off by a guillotine behind the seats. In production, its price would exceed \$20,000. A faster car, the Maserati Ghibli, has a top speed of 180 mph and has gone into production. It will be available at \$17,500.

In the search for new ideas, Ferrari so far has come up with the most practical in its three-seater, the driver's seat is in the middle. The model, called 365-P, is basically a 275LM racing car with 440 hp and can reach 175 mph.

Ferrari Salesman Dave Lewis sold that one for \$60,000 to a New York businessman who got his bid in just an time to shut out the Shah of Iran.

GOLF MATHEMATICS

Playing a round at Stillwater (Okla.) Country Club, Myron Roderick, Oklahoma State wrestling coach, shot a hole in one but got credit only for a par 3.

On the 152-yard third hole, Roderick dropped his tee shot into the pond in front of the green. So he took the two-shot penalty, returned to the tee and lifted a five-iron shot into the cup.

SANCTUARY

Something like 25,000 sandhill cranes and an equal number of ducks settled down on the Canadian prairie near Last Mountain Lake in Saskatchewan and not one of several hundred hunters dared raise a gun against them.

The cranes and the ducks had a guest, a whooping crane, one of about 50 left in the world, and when he was spotted the region was closed to hunters.

SUBWAY MARATHON

There are no official statistics to back up his claim, but it does seem that Alan Jenkins, an English 17-year-old, has set a record. He took a few days off from school and covered 270 stations on the Paris Metro in 11 hours, 13 minutes. Train guards signed forms to give proof of his journey and times. Jenkins was holder of the London Underground record, too, but lost it two years ago.

U.S.S.R. LEVELS

The significance of what happened to British track athletes in Nairobi and Font-Romeu in the French Pyrenees on recent days will not be lost on coaches training their charges for the Mexico City Olympics. Both Nairobi and Font-Romeu are at altitudes of about 6,000 feet. Mexico City is some 7,800 feet high.

At Nairobi Alan Simpson, who has broken the four-minute mile barrier, finished ninth among the 18 starters and had to be revived with oxygen. The winner was Kapchoge Kemo of Kenya, who trains at that altitude and finished in 3 minutes 59.6 seconds.

On the same day in Font-Romeu, Walter Wilkinson, another British miler who has also run the race in under four minutes, collapsed on the track.

Not long ago Konstantin A. Andri-

continued



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SCORECARD continued

anov, president of the U.S.S.R.'s Olympic committee, saw fit to deny flatly that Russian athletes were undergoing high-altitude training on the ground that it was not needed. Now comes Felix Tyalshev, secretary of the Central Institute for Physical Culture in Leningrad, with the news that Russians do indeed have a high-altitude training camp—at Alma-Ata in the Tien Shan mountains. Alma-Ata is 11,480 feet above sea level.

MOVING TORNADO

In order to prepare for 1968, Lamar Hunt's Dallas Tornado team (United Soccer Association) is training in Seville, Spain and is about to take off next month on a 25,000-mile tour eastward through such soccer centers as Ceylon, Singapore, Burma, Pakistan and maybe Papagayo. The team will play about 45 games coming the long way home and wind up with a brief swing through South America and Mexico. Estimated cost: \$50,000 in airplane tickets alone.

Paul Waters, Hunt's executive assistant, is preceding the team and already has confirmed 23 dates, beginning October 11 in Istanbul. Then it's on to Tehran, Ahwaz, Lahore, Chittagong, Rangoon and the old Moulmein pagoda. Reading the itinerary is almost enough to give one tourist-tummy.

ACTION IN VEGAS

The talk about a Nevada fight between Sonny Liston and Ernie Terrell appears now to be nothing but talk. More substantial is word that Liston may meet Buster Mathis, the ultraheavyweight who has won all his 16 professional fights, 10 of them by knockouts. If arrangements now under discussion are completed, it would be staged in Las Vegas next month.

THEY SAID IT

• John Bridges, football coach at Baylor, which is Baptist, on Tommy Rees, who is a potential guard: "I think when a Negro Catholic boy pays his own way to go to Baylor, he ought to get a chance to play."

• Ray Nagel, Iowa football coach, wryly explaining the major leagues' hands-off rule on college undergraduates after Ray Larsen, sophomore prospect, quit for pro baseball. "The major leagues are fine people and now have a special rule that says they won't touch college players unless they're good." **END**

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There you are at Ye Old
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It tastes fresh and clean,
just fine.

Until you finish it.

Then something can
happen.

Way down on the back of
your tongue, flowers can start
to grow.

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violets, pansies can blossom
in your mouth.

It wouldn't be so bad if you
only have time for one martini.

But what if you choose to
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another?

Alas, a mouthful of flowers
from your first martini could
carry over to the flavor
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You might say that Boodles
British Gin was created with
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train-missing, flower-haters
in mind.

And we wish we could tell
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A gin with flavor.

But with hardly a trace of
aftertaste.

Boodles may be an expensive
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The new Robt. Burns has an all new blend of five imported filler tobaccos, selected first and foremost for mildness.

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Of course, much as we'd appreciate it, you don't have to rent one of our Fords to get our help or a survival manual.

Even non-renters have a right to survival.



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We can help a little.



Even long ago is not so far away

Long ago.

Was it a morning in September when
you started off to college?

Perhaps a day in June when you
set out to make your fortune?

Or that day of days, your wedding, when you
left home to raise a family of your own?

Long ago you went down the street and left
a part of your life behind you.

Today that house and neighborhood
where you once lived seem far away in years
as well as miles. Yet you can still go back.
You can reach out—easily and quickly—
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Ever think of this priceless dimension
of a Long Distance call? It reminds us that
the telephone spans years as well as miles.

Even long ago is not so far away
by telephone.



UP AGAIN DOWN AGAIN

Gone again Finnegan—so went the most tangled pennant race in memory. The Tigers destroyed the White Sox and were destroyed by them in turn. Boston rallied. Only the Minnesota Twins won steadily **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Perhaps the most interesting thing of all about this year's bizarre American League pennant race is that just when things look awful for one team they suddenly get much worse for another. Late last Saturday afternoon the excellent Chicago White Sox pitching staff accomplished the improbable feat of blowing a 3-0 lead with one out in the ninth inning and losing 7-3 to the Detroit Tigers. People assumed the loss would be a death blow to the Sox and the victory the inspirational one that the Tigers had been looking for all season. Less than 20 hours later the dead White Sox scored five runs in the first inning, the inspired Tigers failed to collect even one small, uninspired hit off Chicago's Joe Horlen, and the four-team race continued merrily on. Boston's exciting young Red Sox split the first two games of a weekend series with the New York Yankees, of all people, and fell behind in the first inning of each of the other two but rolled back to win both and press close to the top. Only one team, the Minnesota Twins, made steady headway, and they did it by beating the now pointless Baltimore Orioles four games out of five. And the man who did much of the damage—just as he has all year—was a ubiquitous citizen with the unlikely name of Cesar Tovar.

Last Thursday evening, before he went to work on the Orioles, Cesar Tovar had to ask his daily question. But first he stood in the middle of the Twins' clubhouse at Memorial Stadium in Baltimore

and readied himself as a concert pianist does before walking from the wings to center stage. Tovar cracked each of his knuckles, made a series of quick fists, slowly rubbed a towel across the tops of his spiked shoes and then, his cap held in his left hand, walked to Manager Cal Ermer's office and knocked. "Where I play tonight, Skeep?" asked Tovar. Ermer looked up from the lineup card he was making out and smiled. "Tonight, Cesar," said Ermer, "you play third base—at least to start with."

Some four hours later Cesar Tovar, the 27-year-old son of a career handyman in Caracas, Venezuela, came to bat in the top of the eighth inning with the Twins and Orioles tied 2-2. As he did, a cheer arose from a group of Twin fans seated behind the first-base dugout. "Hail, Cesar!" they shouted. "Hail, Cesar! Hail Cesar!" and Cesar promptly tripled to right center field to set up the winning rally that kept the Twins in first place.

Of all the players in this madcap and changeable race Cesar Tovar is the only one who has played every day. Sometimes he plays third base and other times short, second, left, center and right field. Only in the last few weeks has Tovar begun to receive the attention he deserved right from the start of the year. "Cesar," says Pitcher Jim Grant, "is like a winning fullback that everyone searches for but no one ever finds—the one who can run, block and catch passes." At 5'9" and 155 pounds Cesar

The Fullback is, if not the shortest, the smallest man on any of the contenders.

During the past six weeks the Twins have spent more time in first place than any of the other three clubs chasing after the pennant, even though for most of that period they have been holding on to it by their fingernails. Minnesota is the team that so many thought so highly of in spring and so poorly of by mid-season. At different times the Twins have played like the pitching-and-speed Los Angeles Dodgers of 1965, the powerful New York Yankees of 1961—and even the Amazon' Mets of 1962. They have excellent starting pitching; four men have already worked more than 200 innings. They have Harmon Killebrew, who is not only hitting home runs again but who is running bases and sliding like a runaway earthmover. And they have Tony Oliva, the 26-year-old hitting marvel who has been dormant for most of the year but who last week pounded out 15 hits in 21 times at bat, including nine in a row.

There is another act that the Twins have, which is as thrilling to watch as their power, pitching and speed. Once the Minnesota defense starts to throw a baseball around, not even a 24-second clock could stop it. When the Twins' fielding goes bad you can hear the iron gloves clang, and on real sour days they resemble softball players at a picnic game who are already halfway through the second keg. Yet, everywhere you look, Cesar Tovar seems

continued

Tiny Cesar Tovar (top) sets up a big Minnesota run with a steal of second, while Harmon Killebrew (right) shows hustle sliding into base.





to be doing some small thing to start something good or stop something bad. Without him Minnesota would be sixth or seventh instead of fighting for its second pennant in three years.

In the middle of May the Twins were one-half game removed from 10th place, and Oliva (lifetime batting average .318) was hitting .164. Jim Kaat, a 25-game winner in 1966, had a 1-7 beginning, and everyone in the league knew that the easiest way to handle the Twins was to walk Harmon Killebrew. Harmon began to collect walks in clusters (by the end of this season he will have close to 130, more than anyone since Eddie Yost in 1959). Early in June, with the Twins still in sixth place, Owner Calvin Griffith pulled the trigger on Manager Sam Mele and replaced him with Calvin Coolidge Ermer, a 42-year-old career baseball man who had managed Minnesota's Triple A farm at Denver for 2½ years and who had handled many of the younger Twin players. On his first night in a Twin uniform, Ermer was greeted with an 11-2 loss.

All the strife and turmoil and confusion, however, did not affect little Cesar Tovar. By the time the team had reached the All-Star break Cesar had changed position 37 times and was leading the league in doubles and hits while having batted anywhere from first to sixth in the lineup and between .285 and .305. He stood at bat with his elbows out over the plate and was hit by pitches again and again. Often he would use his speed to make sweeping turns going from second to third so that a throw might hit him and bounce away, letting him get an extra base.

It was not until just before the All-Star break that the Twins began to make efficient use of their own ball park, Metropolitan Stadium, and the way they have used it has pushed them to where they are today. "The Met," as Twin fans call it, is a somewhat psychedelic contraption seemingly built by pulling one afterthought on another. Unlike most of the newer stadiums in the major leagues, it has a bizarre charm: hitters have a genuine chance there. The omnipresent threat of the home run causes good pitchers to bear down almost all the time and bad ones to cry. Beginning on June 23 the Twins, in three home

stands, won 23 of 29 games. Their pitchers gave up only 12 homers in that stretch, a remarkable display of pitching discretion. Because of their excellence at home the Twins are looked on as a team incapable of playing on the road, and yet this seems to be a fallacy. Their road record is only one game below .500, and in recent weeks they won 15 of 21 games away from The Met. Again, much of the credit goes to Cesar Tovar.

Tovar is a man with extremely high cheekbones who sings songs few people understand and who loves to shadow-box, though only with teammates weighing more than 200 pounds. Tovar speaks an English that is amazing and carries with him a letter from Pepeto, "the close friend in Caracas who is he who wants the 40 tickets for the World Series because he is going to bring the flag of Venezuela and put him up on pole so when band plays whatchamacallit and players they hold hats over heart I have something proud to look at."

For 12 years Tovar shined shoes in Caracas and played baseball with older boys and men. One day in 1958 a knock came on his door and he was told that "a man who from the major leagues wants to work you out." Tovar put on a uniform and went to the local park and fielded ground balls in front of Gabe Paul, then the general manager of the Cincinnati Reds. Paul signed Tovar to a contract for exactly nothing.

He played in the minors for six seasons and then was traded by the Reds to Minnesota in December 1964. Twin fans remember vividly how Tovar came to them for the 1965 season and what brief and negative contributions he made to that pennant-winning team. Minnesota was supposed to have been a strong contender in 1964, but those two Twin malaises, defense and a failure to win one-run games, plummeted Minnesota into a tie for sixth place. Calvin Griffith was pressed to make some trades, but Griffith is not easily pressured and the only trade he would make was the one for Tovar, whom he got for Pitcher Gerry Arrigo. The transaction was hardly a headline writer's dream.

But the Twins knew quite a bit about Tovar. Although still the property of Cincinnati in 1963, he had played on option at Minnesota's farm club in

Dallas-Fort Worth and had collected 41 doubles and 115 runs while batting .297. Even so, Cesar's performance with the 1965 pennant winners was discouraging. On Opening Day he dropped the easiest of pop flies with two out in the top of the ninth inning to allow the game to be tied. He eventually singled home the winning run in the 11th inning, but, a few days later, in his fourth starting game, he kicked a grounder at second base that let in the winning run in a 2-1 loss. Shortly thereafter he was shipped back to Denver. He contemplated quitting but finally walked into the manager's office (the manager's name was Cal Ermer) and asked, "Where I play, Skeep?"

Last season, back up with the Twins, Tovar did an excellent job at second base and hit .260. But this spring rookie Rod Carew took over the second-base job. Tovar, undiscouraged, stood in front of a wall at the Orlando spring-training camp of the Twins and for 20 minutes every day bounced a ball off it to sharpen his fielding. On Opening Day he was in center field, and at the end of last week Tovar was leading Minnesota in hits, doubles, triples, stolen bases, sacrifices and being hit by pitches, and was second to Killebrew in runs scored. "The thing about Tovar," said Coach Billy Martin, "is that every time somebody knocks him down he pops back up like a little bantam rooster and says, 'O.K., big boy, here I am again.'"

The consistency of Tovar and the fact that Killebrew, Oliva and Bob Allison all have come to life are most encouraging to Twin fans. The pitching has been good all year, and with the development of Jim Merritt, a 23-year-old left-hander, it now looks better than ever. In August, Detroit got Eddie Mathews from the Houston Astros to fill in when Third Baseman Don Wert was hurt, and the Tigers won 17 of their next 25 games. Earlier the White Sox had picked up Ken Boyer and Rocky Colavito, and at the end of August, Boston signed on Ken Harrelson after Charlie Finley fired him from Kansas City. These veterans were used to plug gaps, and they did the job well. But all of them may not prove to be enough to combat the Twins, who have had the greatest gap-filler of them all—right from the beginning—in little Cesar Tovar.

END

FOR BABE, A WEEK TO FORGET

Babe Parilli of Boston, under intense pressure after published reports that he and other Patriots had frequented a Revere mob hangout, saw eight of his passes intercepted in games his team could have won **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

Short of getting himself maimed or drafted, Boston Quarterback Babe Parilli could hardly have had a more unpleasant week. In a period of seven days—from Sunday afternoon through last Saturday night—the Patriots lost two games they could have won, Parilli threw eight interceptions and a national magazine informed America that the graying, 37-year-old Babe is friendly with some fellows whose view of jail has been from the inside looking out.

Specifically, the story in *Life* magazine identified Parilli as a patron of Arthur's Farm, Arthur Ventola, Prop. Arthur's Farm is a crowded little shop, about the size of a two-car garage, in Revere, Mass. just outside of Boston. It is near a field where the Patriots used to practice. From the shelves and bins of Arthur's Farm one may purchase stereo tapes, toys, cuff links, and dozens of other items at bargain prices. For a seeker of deals, that is a very nice thing. The trouble in Parilli's case is that he is a professional athlete and Arthur Ventola is alleged to have some sort of connection with Cosa Nostra—the mob.

Parilli has not been accused of any criminal activity but, although the Boston players deny it, the publicity attendant on his magazine mention seems to have had a deleterious effect on the Patriots' performance in their first two league games. At best, it has been indicative of their bad luck.

The Boston players had heard about the *Life* story before it appeared, but they had failed to anticipate the flap it would cause. They understood a number of them would be mentioned in the article. Their attitude was that they would



The strain of the game in San Diego reflected in his stern face, Parilli calls Patriots' next play.

absorb it as a team. It did not occur to them that notoriety would settle on just one member of the group.

"At least 20 of the Patriots, including 12 who are still with the club, have shopped at Arthur's Farm," said a source close to the team. "We figured it up the other night, and seven or eight players had been at Arthur's Farm before Parilli ever visited the place. Bill Hundley [pro football's chief investigator] knew the story was coming up. He talked to Mike Holovak, Parilli and another player and said the league had investigated and we were clean. He said the league would issue a statement absolving us when the magazine came out. The players were very disappointed at the lack of a forceful statement from the league's office."

Parilli said the thought of the forthcoming story had not bothered him going into the opening game with Denver, unless the effect was in his subconscious. However, he threw six interceptions—a career high for one game—as Boston lost 26-21. "He was pressing," said one player. "Babe wanted to win so much that it got to him."

When the pressure really got to him, though, was two days after the Denver game, on the afternoon *LIFE* reached the newsstands. "That was the only night I couldn't sleep," Parilli told a friend.

Among other things that worried Parilli was what his parents would think about the story. The Parillis are Italian immigrants who live in an old house in Rochester, Pa. "They won't know what to think," Parilli said.

After the story was out, Parilli placed a long-distance call from San Diego—where the Patriots went following their loss to Denver—to his wife in Boston. For hours the line was busy. Finally Parilli called a neighbor who went to the Parilli home and found that Mrs. Parilli, bothered by crank calls, had taken the phone off the hook.

The Patriots, meanwhile, were rallying around their quarterback. Defensive Captain Tom Addison, a linebacker who is also the club's player representative, wrote out a statement on a place mat he had picked up from his table in the res-

taurant at the Stardust Motor Hotel, where the team was staying.

"We, the players, think that Babe has been dealt a serious blow to his character. . . ." Addison wrote. "We stand behind Babe 100 percent on and off the field because he is the type of person that is beyond reproach as a quarterback or as an individual. It is outrageous to think that Babe should be poked from so many of us—including myself—that have entered the doors of this so-called Arthur's Farm. If I had an Italian name, and was a quarterback, it could have been me. Why did they not use the name of an Irish or English player? Babe Parilli has done nothing wrong, nor have any of the other players who have shopped there. We want to drop the matter now and forget about it. It has not hurt our morale for this game with San Diego because we are a team and we will play like a team."

Addison, who said he had shopped for toys with his wife at Arthur's Farm for three or four years, added that several of the Patriots had come to him and volunteered to be named as customers of the place. But, Addison said, he could see no good purpose in bringing them into it.

Holovak, AFL Coach of the Year last season, was eager to have the matter resolved and disposed of. Ordinarily a calm and polite fellow, he was clearly angry as he sat beside the Stardust pool a few hours before the San Diego game. Holovak has refused to hire an offensive backfield coach at Boston, saving the job for Parilli when he retires.

"I don't think this has affected the team," Holovak said. "But what is all this supposed to prove? Who is being accused of what? How are you supposed to know if you are in a place that is run by gangsters? You know it could happen to anybody."

Following his usual relaxed procedure, Holovak left his players on their own time from the end of Friday's workout until they motored off in cabs (their bus broke down) for the stadium at 6 p.m. Saturday.

Some went to the golf course that is on the motel grounds. Others wandered

around the sprawling premises, talking in groups on the sidewalk, sitting in the coffee shop, watching the under-water go-go girls perform in a glass-walled pool. Parilli walked into the magazine shop, thumbed through the rack for a moment and said, "I better not buy one. It might be the wrong thing. It might be sinful, *sinful*."

Billy Sullivan, president of the Patriots, spent part of Saturday afternoon looking at a baseball game on television. "I would say our team tonight will play its best game in a long time," he said. "Babe is immensely popular with the players. I've been in professional sports for 32 years and I have never met a nicer man, a man with a better character than Babe. He'll sit for hours talking to little kids. I've never even heard him swear. In some ways he reminds me more of a violinist than of an athlete. He's a gentle person. Who can say how this will affect him? You can't put yourself into another person's mind. I've taken a lot of belts in this business. It's all part of the old ball game. But my wife has nearly had nervous breakdowns over some of the stuff written about me. Some guys on this team would have just laughed if they had been named in that story. But Babe is a very sensitive man. Nobody knows how this will affect him or his family."

Parilli deserved a better fate than he received Saturday night. His receivers dropped half a dozen passes. The Chargers scored a third touchdown after Boston, attempting to kick, lost the ball on a high pass from center. Trying to pull the game out, Parilli was hit while passing, and the ball went to San Diego's Kenny Graham, who ran it back for a touchdown and a 28-14 win.

Parilli's substitute, John Huarte, late of Notre Dame and the Jets, finished the last couple of minutes of the game while Parilli and Holovak, old friends, exchanged some words that made them look like old enemies. Later nobody was talking. The Boston locker room was as gala as a polo ward.

"All I want to do is forget this," Parilli said. After such a week, that may take him a lifetime. **END**

RACING'S FABULOUS INVALID

Big-time auto racing on excitingly treacherous dirt tracks is dying, but when Mario Andretti and A. J. Foyt carried their championship duel to the Hoosier Hundred they raced for a lavish purse **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

The city was Indianapolis, the event was billed as one of the really major auto races of the season, and, sure enough, a really major racing crowd was there. Among the entrants were the two star-quality drivers of the moment. A. J. Foyt, the big-shouldered Texan who has won the 500 three times, and genial little Mario Andretti of Nazareth, Pa., who has won almost everything else—including the U.S. Auto Club national championship for Indy cars for the last two years running. Of course, there were also the usual big-car camp followers—the heavy-wallet car owners, the hero-worshiping hangers-on who know considerably more about piston displacement than they do about any given U.S. President, the trackside Lolitas in stretch pants and shades, the representatives of the big auto-accessory manufacturers who annually invest a rajah's ransom in the careers of major drivers.

But despite the high-octane content of the contestants and the crowd that followed them to Indiana last week, there was in the air an unmistakable smell of hay (not quite new mown) and livestock. The two buildings nearest the track were marked in big white letters with the words *SWINE* and *HORSE SHOW*, and as the spectators swarmed into their grandstand seats, more than a few had to admit that the last time they had been there was only the week before when the big attraction was not Foyt-Andretti and their cacophony of Offenhauser engines, but none other than Lawrence Welk and his cacophony of Champagne Music Makers.

This particular Indianapolis race was called the Hoosier Hundred, and it was held at the Indiana State Fairgrounds—in the same environs that had only recently seen heated competition in pre-teen hot-dog- and watermelon-eating, children's freckle-counting, hat-making, wool-sporting, Brown Swiss cow-milking, gladioli-arranging and rooster-crowding. But this race, a 100-mile dash around and around a one-mile oval track, had to outdo all the earlier state-

fair foofaraw for even the most avid gladioli arranger. For one thing, the purse of \$67,000 plus was bigger than that of any USAC race outside the 500 itself. Beyond that, Foyt and Andretti were engaged in the tightest contest in years for the big-car driving championship. The title, which is worth around \$12,500 in cash from USAC, is based on points collected over a series of 19 races—two points per mile for the winner, 1.6 for the runner-up and on down. The Indianapolis 500, for example, gained 1,000 points for Foyt this year. Before last week's race the count was Foyt 2,280, Andretti 2,180.

Now make no mistake, the Hoosier Hundred is not the 500. The State Fairgrounds track is nearly eight miles from the grand old Speedway, and except for being in the same state there is no resemblance. The Speedway is a hudsonic sprawl of bleachers and brick-based asphalt track that is an auto-racer's Valhalla on earth. The fairgrounds layout is a sturdy little grandstand that can handle not only Welk and his Champagne players but also such entertainments as hell-driver thrill shows, rodeos and harness racing.

The Fairgrounds track is made of "dirt"—meaning that it has a base of a foot or so of gravel, covered with several inches of powdery clay mixed with some sand. That makes a normal footing for racehorses, and once upon a time it was about the only kind of surface that U.S. drivers ever set tire upon. Dirt is still very big around the country-fair jalopy circuits, but in major big-car competition it is an exception rather than a rule. Indeed, the Hoosier Hundred is only one of four of USAC's 19 championship races that are still run on dirt tracks. Sad as it may seem to racing's cloud-of-dust traditionalists, the good old dirt ovals will likely continue to give way to parking-lot surfaces.

The promoter of Indianapolis' Hoosier Hundred is Joseph L. "Thrax-A-Million" Quinn, 63, a jovial Irish racing enthusiast so smitten by the sport

that he habitually wears black-and-white checked sportcoats, black-and-white checked bow ties and even black-and-white checked socks. "The main reason dirt tracks exist at all," says Joe Quinn, "is because they are also good for horse racing. When that stops paying, then pave 'em over. To make my point, I might tell you that we had a night of harness racing this year—non-pan-mutuel, of course—where the purse was \$121,000 and, by God, the gate was less 'n \$20,000. Of course, it's a state-fair promotion so, whatever the loss, it comes out of the taxpayer's pocket. But it is interesting to note that Milwaukee paved over their dirt track a while ago, and they are now gettin' the biggest crowds outside the 500."

Dirt track or not, this year's Hoosier Hundred attracted no less than 28 entries—"and that," says Quinn, "was a very pleasant, but very big, surprise to all of us. I didn't think enough drivers could afford it." Quinn did not mean the entry fee (which is a meager \$25), but rather the fact that dirt requires an entirely different car from pavement racing. The engine must be in front (for better traction and driver control) and the chassis must be higher (to avoid scraping the undercarriage when the car hits the morass of potholes and deep ruts [that develop on dirt]). And no man can produce a competitive race car these days—on dirt or asphalt—for less than \$35,000.

Whatever the cost, among the Hoosier Hundred crowd that moved thirstily in on the grandstand vendors' supply of local beer (Stroh's, Falstaff, Weidemann's), there was a lot of talk among Hoosier Hundred fans about the joys of dirt racing. "It just plain separates the men from the boys; there ain't no sissies goin' to win on dirt," said a farmer from Carmel, Ind. A shoe salesman from Indianapolis drawled, "You can't beat dirt fer excitement; it looks excitin'—whether it is or it ain't."

Harry McQuinn, an oldtime 500 driver himself and chief steward at this year's



Curving in treacherous dirt-track style, rookie Bruce Walkup (No. 27) navigates a precarious early lead over Andretti. Walkup led to sixth.

Hoosier Hundred, said. "I admit that dirt makes it easier for a driver to recover his mistakes. He can go wrong and come back in that soft stuff without losin' too much. But, I'll tell you, dirt is hard to work on. It takes a strong man and a real good driver." A lot of knowledgeable racing people had picked Foyt as an easy winner—partly because he is renowned for his hell-for-leather driving, (which is particularly effective in slip-and-skid dirt maneuvering), and partly because he had already beaten Andretti in the only other two USAC dirt-track contests held this year.

The morning of the race A.J. was grinning as he looked at the track. "I think it's fine," he said. "Oh, it looks a mite greasy and it might get a little rough along the way, but I like it like that." The track did look pretty slick; it had rained overnight and, on dirt, that's serious. Dirt is known as a 'temperamental' surface among racers, and even a heavy nighttime dew can make it treacherous for high-speed driving. A couple of hours before the race, Joe Quinn stared balefully out his office window onto the track below. Deep tire tracks from his own maintenance trucks had already scarred the surface, turning up heavy chunks of wet clay and leaving inch-deep ruts. "If it don't rain another drop," Quinn said, "we might be all right." Even the 30 tons of moisture-

evaporating calcium chloride that his truck crew had dusted over the oval didn't seem enough to overcome the dank wetness of the clouds overhead.

But the rain held off, and the track proved to be in splendid condition—for dirt, that is, nicely cushioned during the early laps, then taking on a jolting corrugated surface as hard as paving.

The race itself was almost an anticlimax after all the anxiety about rain. During the first few laps, the smooth-driving Andretti jockeyed a bit with California rookie Bruce Walkup (who had surprised everyone by winning the pole position with a track-record qualifying time of 104.076 mph). Then Andretti charged into the lead in his No. 1 car (an honor given to the previous year's USAC winner) and held it for 86 consecutive laps. Dirt clods clustered thick on the windshields of the cars, and spectators standing on a roof three stories above the action found themselves sprayed with clay as the 18 starting cars snarled into skids around the turns. But there was not so much as a scraped paint job during the entire race. And no one—not even runner-up Foyt—came really close to threatening Mario's second straight victory in the Hoosier Hundred. So easy was Andretti's win that the crowd actually cheered more for Billy Vukovich Jr., son of the 500 champion who was killed in 1955 with

his third Indy victory within reach. Young Vukovich finished a strong fourth and was picked Rookie of the Race over Walkup.

For the chipper Andretti the day brought the richest 100-mile race purse in history—\$28,100, including \$150 for every lap he led. He also pulled to within a scant 60 points of Foyt in the USAC competition. There are five races to go, and even though many racing people figure the freewheeling Andretti as the odds-on favorite to outpoint the temperamental Foyt, Mario himself says, "It will go down to the last day, I think." That would be the 300-mile run (worth 600 USAC points) in Riverside, Calif. on Nov. 26.

Win or lose in the national championship, Indianapolis was Andretti's for the taking when last week's race was over. After Mario had accepted a kiss from the Hoosier Hundred Rose Queen and a Steuben crystal bowl (symbolizing the Hoosier's 15th anniversary) from the president of the Indiana State Fair Board and a sterling silver cup and a diamond ring and a blue jacket from a variety of other dignitaries, a red-haired bystander, who might have done very well in the state fair's freckle-counting contest, sighed, "Jeez, some guys have got everything." Even the big winners from the swine barn the week before hadn't gotten quite such an accolade as that. **END**





WHAT THE DEUCE IS GOING ON?

Tennis history (well, maybe) was not made at Forest Hills this year but rather at Southampton and Newport, where wilted heroes played sets of 48-46 and 49-47 respectively **by GEORGE PLIMPTON**

It has always seemed to me that one of the pleasures of summer reading is to browse through record books—to immerse oneself gently in the balting averages of yesteryear, long-forgotten golf scores, punting averages, the winning high-jump mark at the Berlin Olympics, what weights these days the lifters are pressing (439 pounds, I just looked it up). The reading is as idle as one can find, the statistics lazy in and out of the mind as easy and forgetful as the sound of surf or the murmur of bees or the gentle ticking and creaking of the hammock as it swings.

There are some enthusiasts, of course, who treat this sort of reading very seriously—who sit in hard-backed chairs and strain to memorize facts that will give them a reputation in saloon discussions ("Ask Reggie, he knows. Hey, Reggie, wha' did Campy bat back in '49—285 or .287?"). Or knowledge enough to answer the quiz that the managements of some ball parks flash up on the illuminated scoreboard, along with the answer a few innings later. I have always found their questions impossible ("What American League catcher holds the record for three unassisted putouts in one inning?"), but here and there in the stands the statistics studier perks up and turns to the person alongside, very often a complete stranger, and he says, "Well, I mean, like who are they trying to kid? I mean like how can nobody not know that? It's Marty Blatt for God-

sakes." He then returns to his gloomy contemplation of the game, full of pretended pique, but in fact with a secure, inward glow of contentment that his long hours of study have paid off once again.

Oddly, one of the most popular sports—tennis—does not have a record book, a lack that was particularly felt this past August when a series of marathon matches were played at Southampton and Newport and no one could find out if, indeed, a record had been set. Length, whether of time or distance, provides a most durable and interesting part of any record book (the longest baseball game—26 innings; the longest punt—94 yards), and the comparatively few spectators who saw those amazing matches felt a mild sense of loss that what they had watched would not be permanently marked in tennis history.

Two of the three marathon matches were played at Southampton, a tournament that used to be one of the most important on the summer tour but whose luster has faded somewhat in recent years. Many of the top players simply take the week off. Strange, because the Long Island community is as affluent as ever: it abounds in great tennis names—Davis, Shields, Hunter, Wood—and yet the grass courts at the Meadow Club where the tournament is played have fallen into such disrepair, presumably because of a lack of funds, that most of the name players refuse to show up at all. Those who do come look forward more to the pleasant ministrations of the community, particularly an annual party at which

THE TRENCH at Southampton inside serves bounce over the opponents and into a garden.

continued

the tennis players are provided with a great lobster dinner, a rock 'n' roll band under a marquee and pretty girls by the score who pick that night to move to the dance rages in the wildest outfits they've got. Also in Southampton the community takes in most of the players as house guests and entertains them, which is a hospitable and welcome arrangement quite unlike Newport's, the next stop on the tour, where most of the players are assigned to low-slung cots in a barnlike hall in the upper reaches of the Newport Casino. But as for the tennis at Southampton, that is another matter.

"It all depends on the court you're assigned," one of the players said. "A good court and it's tennis. But if you get assigned to 'The Pasture'—well, you can hear the players on their way to those courts moaning and bleating, because what's played down there is a game unto itself."

The first of the marathon matches took place in the preliminary round of the singles tournament. The two participants were Dick Knight and Mike Spengelmeyer, two top-notch college players, who were in fact delighted with their court assignment—court six, set immediately behind the temporary bleachers facing the center court and in relatively good shape. It was possible to sit on the top rows of the bleachers and look back down over the railing at the Knight-Spengelmeyer match. Despite the extraordinary length of the match, not many did. As Knight himself said, "It was not exactly the prestige match of the tournament." Both players at this stage in their careers represent the equivalent of golfing's "rabbits"—that is to say, players who must savor from one tournament to the next to compete among themselves in preliminary rounds for the open positions in the first round of the tournament draw. Such players must get to their work early, and the Knight-Spengelmeyer match was scheduled for 10 o'clock.

Perhaps the most faithful spectator was Dick Knight's girl friend, Karen Williams, who had started out from Scarsdale, N.Y., at 6:30 that morning to be on hand. She arrived half an hour or so after the match had started. Knight could look up and see her looking down at him from the top of the bleachers. Occasionally, as the match wore on, she called down to him, "Do something!" Her schedule was tight (she had a rendez-

vous with her parents at Jones Beach that afternoon), and as noontime came and went and the match moved on into the afternoon, she wondered if she would be able to have a word with him at all.

It took three hours to play the first set of the match. Knight finally won it 32-30, breaking Spengelmeyer's serve on the 61st game and holding his own. In the next set Knight began to have the odd sensation that he was "floating" above the court, as he put it. The night before he had driven up from Scrubbright, and the tournament there, in weekend traffic, and he'd had only four hours' sleep. He lost the set 3-6. But in the third set he got his second wind, and Spengelmeyer, on his part, began to get cramps. At one point, at about the 20th game of the set, his arm muscle bulged out alarmingly, and he felt such pain that he wondered if he hadn't somehow broken his arm. But he persevered, the pain lessened, and he was able to struggle on at even terms, winning his serve as easily as Knight was winning his.

After the fifth hour of steady play, the quality of which was surprisingly good according to witnesses, the match took on a surreal quality: ball boys came and went (home for lunch and then returning), one of them was a nervous small girl in a white tennis dress who had difficulty bouncing the ball properly to the player, and she would run six or seven steps like an English bowler and with a small squeak of effort bounce the ball off at erratic angles. She would run to retrieve it, and return directly to the player and place the ball on the lip of his racket with a murmur of apology. Knight remembers the enormous pile of debris by the net post—Coca-Cola cans, orange peels, towels, empty pitchers (the players consumed two full pitchers of water and two of Coca-Cola), paper cups, he also retains the odd memory of an elderly man's face peering at the match through a hole in the green canvas backstop, an intermittent witness who would disappear for long stretches. Then, with a start, Knight would notice the face back in the hole, as surprisingly disembodied as the head of a jack-in-the-box.

Finally, in the 107th game of the match, Knight found himself with triple match

points, love-40 on Spengelmeyer's serve. He lost the next two points, and then Spengelmeyer, rushing to net behind his serve, hit a good stiff volley that would have brought the score to deuce had not the shot gone beyond the baseline, not by much, just an inch, and the match was over 32-30, 3-6, 19-17. Knight threw his racket in the air. He said it didn't go up very far, "perhaps six or seven feet," and he walked to the net to shake hands with Spengelmeyer, who was waiting, looking at him dully. Knight didn't know what to say. He said, "Mike, honest, I just don't know what to say." Spengelmeyer couldn't find anything to say, either; he massaged the bulge on his arm, and he said, "Yes"—something as noncommittal—and the two left the court to report the scores to the tournament director. It was 3:30. They had been playing for five and a half hours.

Knight had just enough time to grab a sandwich (he also had two lemonades and two acid teas, one right after the other), and then he rushed Karen Williams to the train. On the way he said a number of times that he couldn't believe it, she said the same. That was about the extent of their conversation, and then he was waving goodbye to her from the station platform. He rushed back to the tennis club to get himself ready to play his second match of the day.

Tom Gorman, his friend and doubles partner, has an apt description of Knight during his second match. "A lot of us went out to the court just to take a look at him. He was a skeleton out there, and you had the feeling watching him run that he was going to go down in a small heap of bones."

Knight lost quickly and mercifully to Cliff Montgomery; the scores were 6-3, 6-4. Later that evening the quixotic thought occurred to him that he had doubtless played more games to get into the tournament than the ultimate winner at Southampton would play in the entire tournament.

Knight was not the center of attention at Southampton for long. The following day another event, this a doubles match, caused a considerable stir: Lenny Schloss and Tom Mozur, who are an excellent doubles partnership from the University of Tennessee, got tied up in a doubles match standoff against Butch Seewagen from Rice University and Chris Bovett, who comes

continued



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from Sydney, Australia, a good pair that had won the Southeastern doubles championship earlier this year.

The first set was ordinary enough—7-5 for Schloss and Mozur. The next set, however, went on for more than twenty games. Schloss and Mozur finally winning it and the match 48-46.

Most tennis players can go through an entire career and never find themselves playing in a set in the 20s, much less the 30s, and as for playing a set in the 40s, no one at Southampton, talking about it, could even remember such a thing.

In discussing the match, the participating players offered what seemed at the time a plausible enough reason for the long set—namely, the execrable condition of the court they were playing on, one of those in the so-called Pasture. The service line on one side lay on an undulation the players referred to as the game progressed as "The Trench," which either caused a deeply hit serve to skid violently and hug the grass or, if it hit the upslope, to leap in a jackrabbit hop. One example of the latter darted up over Butch Seewagen's upstretched racket and soared over the back fence into the Meadow Club garden.

It was just as difficult to receive service on the other side of the net. Here, in the forehand court, lay what the players began to refer to as "The Patch"—a pocketed area that turned the ball in various trajectories, usually a low skid. "I've never seen a spallball behave," Seewagen said of serves hit to The Patch, "but they're dillies if they're anything like what we saw that day. There is no way you could return service out of The Patch—at least with any authority."

The second set went through the 20s without incident and into the 30s and then the 40s. It was so easy to win service, as long as one could set the ball in The Patch or The Trench, that it seemed the match would go on indefinitely. From time to time the partnerships would confer and try some new tactic—half-volleying the return of service off The Trench, lobbing or attempting the soft chip and rush to the net—but nothing worked. Occasionally a serve hopped off The Trench into the garden, and it was a pleasant interlude to wander back among the flowers to retrieve it before returning to the green lawn purgatory.

At 46-all, Mike Blanchard, the tournament director, wandered by to see

what was happening. It was getting dark by then (the match had started at 5 and had gone on for more than three hours); a mist was drifting in from the sea, and the tennis balls were picking up so much moisture from the grass that, as Tom Mozur put it, hitting them was like lacing a racket into a "mud ball."

Blanchard asked what was going on, the players clustered around and told him, shaking their heads, confiding their difficulties to him as if blurring out symptoms to a sympathetic doctor.

Blanchard suggested that two more games be played, if there was no conclusive result he would schedule the match to be continued the next morning on another court. His appearance and the ultimatum proved such a break that before everyone could settle back in the steady routine of the match Mozur had won his serve and had gone on with his partner, Schloss, to break the opposition's.

At match point Schloss hit a great forcing backhand out of The Trench (the first good shot he could remember from that area) and the match was done—its finish so sudden that none of the participants could quite believe it. "We stood around blinking like we weren't used to the light," Seewagen said, "like lifting a hutch cover off a bunch of rabbits."

The notion that the poor condition of the court was solely responsible for the long scores—that the match was thus a fluke—lasted only about a week. Because at Newport in the Hall of Fame tournament, the next stop on the tour, another marathon doubles match was played, the record match most likely, all the more astonishing because it was played on the Newport Casino's fine center court, which hasn't a mar on its surface, under the eye of an umpire up in his chair with his full complement of linesmen and foot-fault watchers at hand, and in front of witnesses, some hanked in the old green stands that flank one side of the court and others, old Newport names, sitting in the field boxes under the green-and-white awnings and the great beach parasols that turn and creak in the breeze. The match lasted for two days—called for darkness after four hours of play on the first day, and going on for more than two hours on the second—an official total of six hours and 10 minutes of playing time. The scores were 3-6, 49-47, 22-20, a total of 147

games—the equivalent of playing more than fourteen average 6-4 sets.

Who should one pair of the participants be but the team of Lenny Schloss and Tom Mozur once again (who had gone on from their Seewagen-Bovett match to lose the three-set final at Southampton 6-3, 6-4, 21-19). Their opponents in the Newport draw were Dick Dell, who is on the University of Michigan tennis team (the brother of Don Dell from Yale, a ranking player a few years ago), and Dick Leach, a young high-school teacher who is this year's captain and coach of the Junior Davis Cup team.

As the second set went on, an interested and increasingly scornful spectator under the field-box awnings was James Van Alen, the peppery president of the Newport Casino and the inventor of VASSS (the Van Alen Special Scoring System), which scores much like table tennis. The most commonly played variant of his system scores to a 31-point limit, which naturally does away with marathon tennis matches, so often the bane of tournament directors who must worry about scheduling. "Absolutely embarrassing and ridiculous," Mr. Van Alen was saying. "That's nonsense out there, just nonsense."

He took it almost as a personal affront when suddenly, about 7 o'clock in the evening, the foursome ran out of tennis balls. The umpire called, "New balls, please!" The ball boys looked around, and there weren't any to be had. The closet in the Casino where the tennis balls were kept turned out to be locked and the girl-in-charge had gone home with the key. "Van Alen," someone said, "what sort of a tournament are you running here where the players don't have tennis balls to play with?" Van Alen spluttered and hopped about. "Well, you tell me," he said, "what sort of a match it is where you have to use more than two dozen balls to find out who plays better tennis." Out on the court the umpire sidled on his perch and was about to call a 10-minute recess for procuring new balls (it was planned to break into a nearby sporting-goods store) when two new ones were discovered under his chair. The match was continued with these until eventually a new box of balls was turned up. At 7:30 in the evening, with the score 35-all, Mike Blanchard stepped wearily forward and announced over the Public

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MARATHON TENNIS *continued*

address system that the match would be suspended because of darkness. He said that it would take up at the same point the next day. He started to say "at one o'clock," which is the starting time for the Casino morning matches, but he found himself saying "noon"—a most prescient change of mind, as it turned out.

The news of the long match went the rounds that evening. It was the talk of the Van Allen dinner for the tennis players, at which, as he does annually, the host recited a long poem that in part extolled the virtues of his VASSS scoring system. The four players in the marathon left immediately after the dinner (and before the poem) to get as much sleep as they could in their barrackslike quarters in the Casino.

A large crowd awaited them around the center court the next morning—many of them curiosity-seekers hoping that the match would somehow prove a stalemate. The latter did some hefty groaning in the first moments of play when in the third game Dell had his service broken and it seemed as if the match would be over after only four games of play on the second day. But in a not untypical example of seasawing before a match gets down to its rhythm, Leach and Dell broke right back, and the match was, to the delight of the spectators, back on even terms. It moved right along, service win after service win.

As the match continued, back in the stands under the awnings a group of Australian players fed \$1 each into a pool—the winnings to go to the holder of the name of whichever player finally lost his service. On the rare occasions when the server would be down a point or two, the Australians would stir and voice loud chagrin or relief as the server would finally pull out the game.

Then, in the 95th game of the second set, Lenny Schlow, with a double fault to plague him, abruptly lost his serve and the second set of the match 47-49—an enormous total of games that only went to square the match at a set apiece. Dollar bills exchanged hands among the clutch of Australians, and everyone settled back for the third set. Once again there was a service break in the first game of the set—the Leach-Dell team letting down just infinitesimally after winning the second set. They broke back again immediately, just as they had in the second set, and then once again the servers began to prevail.

continued

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MARATHON TENNIS continued

Finally, in the 147th game of the match, the end came. Mozur was serving. Suddenly he had a match point against him. He served well and came to the net to volley the return. He drove the ball well, but an intercepting fluke shot off the wood of Dell's racket went by him, and Ruffels, the Australian who held Mozur's name in the pool game, gave a great shout, his wooden chair went over behind him, and the match was done.

The most surprised person at the match point was Dick Leach. The possibility of breaking serve had become so remote during the steady succession of services held that the point came and went without Leach being aware. "Think of that," he said later. "The first I realized that something out of the ordinary had happened was when the other three players had their arms out, wanting to shake hands. Can you imagine that? We'd gone through 147 games and I was so numbed by them that I wasn't even able to *avow* the match point. I thought the score was 30-all. 'What? What?' is what I said, and they had to explain it to me."

Afterward, around the grounds of the Casimo, the players sat and talked about the marathon match. The consensus seemed to be that the reason for the long sets was not the power of the individual serve (none of the players owns a particularly impressive serve) but the comparative drop in ability to return service with pace and authority. Tennis players say that the big step into high-ranking play comes with learning how to return service. Despite all the talk about how the big serve has ruined tennis, there has only been one service in the past decade, and probably in the whole history of tennis, which at its best absolutely defied solution, that of Pancho Gonzalez. In the professional ranks and at the top of the amateur standings the players achieve the ability to anticipate and make some sort of forcing or controlled shot off a powerful serve. A match of top-ranking tennis players would never find a string of 50 or 60 games without a service break. At Newport, on both days of play, the players were all getting their first serves in and moving to the net well and volleying crisply. The return of service was another matter.

But they had the record—just about everyone agreed. The figure was often heard at Newport that week. "Hundred

continued



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and forty-seven games," and then a shake of the head in awe. People stared at the four participants as if they were quadruplets. Lenny Schloss said: "I hope we're not remembered just for that match. After all, we lost. But I hope it's the record. That'd be some sort of compensation."

That was the other topic—the need of a record book for tennis. Someone mentioned *The Gaffer's Handbook* as a model—the red-covered British publication that is the browser's delight. In it one can find such facts as the winner of the 1948 Kinghorn Gnp Tournament (John Panton) and the length of the longest drive ever recorded hit (460 yards). Its most interesting section is entitled "Interesting Facts, Feats and Extraordinary Occurrences" (at Mowbray Course, Cape Town, Len Richardson, who represented South Africa in the Olympics, played a round which measured 6,248 yards in 31 minutes, 22 seconds, etc.), and in such a section in an equivalent tennis volume would go the short accounts of the great marathon matches of this August. The players had a number of categories to suggest. Besides Longest Matches, they offered such categories as Most Consecutive Sets Won Without Loss, Most Consecutive Games Won; Most Consecutive Aces; Hardest Serve (in mph), Shortest Match; Most Consecutive Double Faults; the rankings back through the years would be included, of course, and then there were some quixotic possibilities such as Highest Lob, Extraordinary Occurrences would include such shots as one that a player described as glancing off his racket and hitting the umpire sitting up in his wooden chair, hitting him directly between the eyes and breaking his glasses.

I had the temerity to offer a shot for this latter category. This summer a friend of mine dropped back to slam a lob thrown up rather poorly by his sister-in-law across the net. He stumbled on a ball rolling loose on the court as he reached up and he missed the ball completely. But on his swing through he bopped a small bird that had picked that unfortunate moment to meander across the court. The deed was done at 4:15 in the afternoon, and the score was deuce at the time, in the first game of the second set—all of paramount importance to the statistics lover. The bird was a wren, and it recovered.

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LONG, HOT WINTER FOR BOTH LEAGUES

By **TEX MAULE**

When the National Football League and the young American Football League reached a peace settlement last year, it seemed to the owners that most of their troubles were over. The delightful bargaining position enjoyed by the players for six years had come to an end. No longer, the clubs reasoned, would an old hand like Jimmy Taylor play out his option, with the threat of going to an American Football League team for a million-dollar contract. Obviously, no million-dollar contracts would exist. No longer, either, could a Donny Anderson or a Joe Namath demand—and get—a king's ransom for services unproved and untested. The era of big bonuses was at an end, the era of big profits at hand. The clubs would sit back, wax fat on television contracts and gradually apply a squeeze to salaries and bonuses.

It hasn't turned out quite that way. Fully aware of what the AFL-NFL peace could do to their earnings, more players have elected to play out options this season than in years past. John Unitas, no great bargainer during the years of his ascendancy, has been reluctant to reach an agreement with the Baltimore Colts. Five players, represented by an attorney, tried to bargain as a group with Art Modell, the owner of the Cleveland Browns, and were given vocal support by Jim Brown, the movie actor who once played fullback for Modell. Alex Karras, 32 years old, got an amazing seven-year contract with the Detroit Lions as a defensive tackle, and Taylor, having spent a year running out the option clause on his contract at Green Bay, went to the New Orleans Saints on a contract reminiscent of Namath's. All over the league the players were growing more restless, and the owners, rather than enjoying carefree days, found problems proliferating.

Modell broke the solid front of the five players who confronted him in Cleveland by trading away two of them and negotiating with the other three singly, but Leroy Kelly, the second best running back in the league in 1966, is playing out his option. That means he must take a 10% cut on his 1966 salary and hope to make the loss back, with interest, by negotiating a deal with another team after May 1, 1968, when he becomes a free agent. But whatever team signs him must compensate Cleveland for his loss, either with players, cash or draft choices. Even Kelly may find himself priced out of the market.

Tex Schramm, the Dallas general manager and a veteran of the old pro football war between the All-America Conference and the National Football League, has accepted the new challenge with his accustomed cool. Many of the players who held out for more money this year reported to camp without new contracts, thus avoiding the \$100-a-day fine levied on any team member reporting late for training and placing themselves in an available spot for bargaining. One holdout, after a long, silent battle of nerves with Schramm, approached him after practice.

"I think it's about time we had a talk," he said.

"About what?" the general manager asked blandly.

The Teamsters' Union, concentrating on Negroes, is making a strong effort to organize the players, possibly on the theory that most of them are as big as trucks anyway. The Teamsters have made small progress, although Brown has been offered a job as their agent. If he can organize all the Negroes—who represent about 25% of the players in both leagues—then the Teamsters need only get another 8½% to force a vote. So far, however, the majority of players have evinced little interest in a union.

"You can't arrive at a wage scale," one veteran said the other day. "A Jimmy Brown gets, say, \$60,000 a year, and he's worth it. With a union, I think it would tend to level out salaries. We average maybe \$15,000 over the league now. Is the union going to get all of us that much more? I don't think so. And it would probably cut out the shot at the big money."

Union or no union, the players' bargaining position is still strong, despite the elimination by the merger of competitive bidding. There are now 25 major league professional football teams, as recently as 1959 there were only 12. The talent, obviously, has been spread thin, and the really first-rate professional football player is commensurately more valuable. The surprising exhibition-game success of the New Orleans Saints, the newest addition to the NFL, is evidence of this. When the Dallas Cowboys were admitted to the league in 1960, they had to make do with cuts and misfits and fielded a truly horrendous team. It was bad primarily because of the sharp contrast with other NFL teams, most of them careful blends of experienced specialists.

The Saints, on the other hand, are not that much worse off than the teams they will be meeting this year. They are probably a better club than was Dallas in 1960 but, more important, they are playing at a time when the best players have been parceled out among 25 teams, not 13. The Saints won five of their exhibition games, two more than the American Football League could win against the NFL in 16 games.

Still, the interleague competition did lend a welcome spice to the exhibition season and provided two huge surprises when the Denver Broncos managed to beat both the Detroit Lions and the Minnesota Vikings. The Kansas City Chiefs won a perfectly legitimate victory over the depleted Chicago Bears 66-24, then discovered that life in the NFL is not all that easy when the Los Angeles Rams whopped them as convincingly as had Green Bay in the Super Bowl in January.

The strength of Green Bay, Los Angeles, Dallas and Kansas City points up another effect of the rapid expansion of pro football. The draft, long an equalizer, will grind fine the good teams much more slowly than it has in the past. The talent-rich clubs will stay on top longer. The weaker teams, needing immediate help, must trade draft

choices to the strong clubs. The strong clubs, with a preponderance of draft choices, will be able to build for the future.

A team like the Rams, for instance, could afford to trade a first draft choice and a couple of less valuable picks for Roger Brown to replace injured Roosevelt Grer. The Rams have a huge backlog of good players. The same trade by a talent-poor team such as the New York Giants could mean giving up a player who might be a star for 10 years for a stopgap who has only two or three good years left. The Pittsburgh Steelers, floundering under Buddy Parker, traded draft choices for veterans for several years and wound up a demoralized, almost hopeless team.

The remedy is fairly simple. Pete Rozelle, the commissioner of pro football, should forbid any trades of first draft choices. And the waiver rule, which states that the last-place team should get first choice of any players cut before the season begins, should be revised. Now as the better teams near the deadline for the player limit, the most promising of their surplus young players are often traded to weaker teams for medium draft choices. If Rozelle placed a deadline on trading, say two weeks before the last date for cutting down to the league limit, then the weaker teams could acquire some good players at the time of their release without having to trade their future picks away. Over a period of years the weak teams, as in the past, could build back up to strength, and the strong teams, handicapped by a late first draft choice and a drain on their better reserves, would come back.

If the football fan is not yet conscious of these subterranean faults in the development of the game, he is by now very much aware of the new structure of the National Football League, which divides the Eastern and Western Conferences into two divisions each. The divisions have been named Coastal, Central, Century and Capitol. The alteration may have satisfied some artistic yen in the soul of the owners, but it seems only to have rendered more difficult the differentiation between divisions. The Coastal—a long stretch around the shores of the U.S.—is especially weird, since it is comprised of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Atlanta and Baltimore. The Capitol does include Washington, and the Central is fairly central (if you include Detroit in the Midwest), but the Century's only justification is that two of the cities are on the route of the New York Central's *20th Century Limited*.

Since there will be playoffs inside the conferences, the NFL comes up with two additional big national TV games. The club revenues will go up, and so probably will the players' salary demands.

It could be a long, hot winter.

Scouting reports on all the National and American League teams begin on next page

NFL: THE WEST

BALTIMORE COLTS



SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

LOS ANGELES RAMS



ATLANTA FALCONS

RAMS' YEAR IN COASTAL

The shuffling over, revived Los Angeles is eyeing a bright new era. But it has two problems it won't solve easily: San Francisco and Baltimore

In the Chinese calendar and the Coastal Division of the National Football League, 1967 is the year of the Ram. By all portents, the year of the Ram will be a more salubrious time for the Los Angeles Rams than it will be for the Chinese.

Although the Rams are in one of the two toughest divisions of the new NFL four-division setup, they stand a far better chance of finishing the fall of 1967 as big winners than they have in recent memory.

George Allen, the young coach who came to Los Angeles last year from the Chicago Bears, did a major reshuffling job in 1966 and still managed to lead the

club to the best season it has had since 1958. The shuffling is almost over now and the team is set and solid, especially on defense, where last week the Rams added huge Roger Brown from the Detroit Lions to replace injured Roscoe Grier in the front four. On offense, given a reasonably productive year from injury-prone Tommy Mason (see cover), the Rams could be vastly improved.

The stumbling block for Allen, if there is one, is the division itself. San Francisco and Baltimore are formidable foes. The 49ers, deep at quarterback and loaded with large, Packer-type running backs and a respectable complement of talent everywhere else, would be favored in an

other division. The Baltimore Colts have only one major worry—what to do if John Unitas should be hurt. Atlanta, of course, will not be a factor, but the Falcons are surprisingly sound for a team in its second year of existence. No team in the league will be able to take the Falcons lightly.

When George Allen, a small man with bright blue eyes and a strikingly gung-ho attitude, took over the Rams in 1966, he

continued

Raymond Berry of the Colts, whose NFL records outstrip all others, is 34 but still the master of sideline receivers.





listed six objectives for making Los Angeles a winner.

"First, I wanted to bring in some players who knew how to win," he said the other day at the plush Ram training camp in Fullerton, Calif. "The Rams had been losers for a long time, so I had to trade for players with a winning attitude. We got some and they helped."

"Second, we had to get over the idea we were building for the future," he said. "The Rams were always building. I said this is the year we win, not build. I kept veterans who could help immediately, not rookies who would be a help in the years to come. Third, the Rams were not a tough club mentally and I wanted to instill a feeling of toughness in them. Fourth, the Rams were losers on the road, and I wanted to change that, too. When we beat Baltimore in Baltimore last year, I think we turned a corner. After that the club began to believe it could win away from home."

Fresh from the hard-bitten Halias regime of the Chicago Bears, Allen also made a serious effort to destroy the Ram Hollywood image, something that had afflicted the team for years. One Ram coach of past days had said that the trouble with the club was too many cars with the top down and too many girls. A rigid curfew and strict discipline got rid of both, thus accomplishing Allen's fifth objective.

"As for the sixth," Allen said, "I wanted to put in a basic, simple offense to tie in with an improved defense. We didn't want any errors on offense. If you can bring the defense up and make no mistakes on offense, you can win."

Allen improved the defense enormously. The Rams moved from last to third in the league in pass interceptions and from last to third in percentage of passes completed against them. They moved from ninth to second in total points scored against them, allowing only 212, the best record by a Ram team since 1945. Only the Green Bay Packers were ahead of them.

But the Rams' simple offense, hampered by the lack of a good running back to supplement the all but heroic efforts of Dick Bass, managed very little. This

year, bent on improving the running, Allen traded with the Minnesota Vikings for two good veterans—Mason, who is, when healthy, one of the two or three best runners in the NFL, and Hal Bedsole, a big, tough tight end from USC, who last year could have given the Ram offensive line the extra blocking punch it needed. Bedsole, unfortunately, has not recovered from an operation and is out for at least half the year.

"Our two principal objectives for 1967 have to do with offense," Allen said. "We must pick up short yardage on third down; that's one reason we went for Mason, to take the pressure off Bass. Last year, in 19 third-and-one situations, we made the yardage only six times. We gave up the ball 13 times and you cannot do that against good offensive teams. Second, we must protect the quarterback better."

The Ram quarterbacks were caught attempting to pass 54 times in 1966. "Our objective in 1967," said Allen, who is a precise man, "is no more than 31 times."

On defense, Allen has told his charges that he wants them to limit opponents to fewer than 200 points, or about two touchdowns per club per game. Once before in his coaching career, when he was the defensive coach for the Chicago Bears, Allen realized this objective. In 1963, when the offense-poor Bears won the NFL championship, the defense limited opponents to 144 points. After the Bears beat the Giants in the championship game, the team gave the game ball to Allen.

With the best defensive line in football, a strong set of linebackers and a good secondary which is made better by the pressure of that defensive line, the Rams could have the best all-round defense in the league.

As far as the championship goes, a good deal depends on how much polish Allen has added to last year's lackluster offense. Roman Gabriel, the No. 1 quarterback, has in the past been slow in delivering the ball and has been trapped for losses. This year his delivery is quicker.

Complementing Bass and Mason is rookie Willie Ellison from Texas Southern. Mason and Ellison could create a vast improvement and open paths for Bass by providing an outside running attack. In dire need of a deep, fast receiver, Allen acquired Bernie Casey, who caught 50 passes for San Francisco last season, and Casey has looked very good,

The Rams have a better than competent corps of receivers. They include Tommy McDonald (possible trade bait), Bucky Pope and Jack Snow.

Allen, always an innovator, has kept both Bass and Mason out of preseason games. "We know what they can do," he says. "There is no sense in risking them in preseason games. I kept Dick out of the preseason games last year and got a big season out of him. I think I can do the same with him and Mason this year."

The other day Mason came from a Ram practice back to the dressing room sweating profusely but relaxed and happy. He stripped off his pants, revealing legs taped from ankle to mid-thigh, and smiled. "I feel good," he said. "My knees swell, but I'm not afraid of them. I feel better than I have in a long time. This is a different camp from the Vikings'. George is a low-key guy and Norm Van Brocklin wasn't, but I think we're better able to win a championship than the Vikings were. This is a mature team. The year people were picking Minnesota to win it, we weren't mentally ready. This club is. I'm looking for a big year."

He should have it. A fast Mason, a quick Gabriel and a Casey who can go deep, aided by a competent and quite well-seasoned offensive line, will put points on the scoreboard. And that is about all the Rams need. No one will score much against them.

Not long ago one of the San Francisco sportswriters, in a moment of ungoverned optimism, suggested that Bay Area football fans attending the preseason game between the Oakland Raiders and the San Francisco 49ers might be getting a preview of this season's Super Bowl matching the champions of two leagues. This note came after the 49ers had walloped the Cleveland Browns in a preseason game. It ignored the parlous state of the Browns for that game: Cleveland played with three rookie defensive backs and without the service of its brilliant flanker, Paul Warfield.

Still, the writer had a point. Were the 49ers not in the Coastal Division, they would be favored to win in one of the other three divisions and would certainly be considered a strong contender in another, thus enhancing their chances of getting at least into a division playoff. As it is, they will probably finish second to the Rams in the Coastal, but even that will not be easy.

Coach Jack Christensen has the best

continued

Ken Willard of 49ers depends on strength to bull through lines. He leads the division's best backfield.

set of running backs in his division, a quarterback who could be the best if John Unitas should falter, and probably the best offensive line. His team will be changed less from last year than any of the other three, and continuity of units is in itself a major plus in pro football.

Fortunately for Christiansen, the 49ers seem better able to survive injuries than most other teams. Only one starter from the offensive team and one from the defense are gone, and Christiansen has adequate replacements for both men.

The offensive line, which protected John Brodie marvelously well in 1966 and should do even better by him now, was among the most efficient in the league last year. It is back intact, and not hurting it in the least is the addition of a trio of young men—Dave Bettema, Don Parker and Elmer Collett—who eventually should be as good as any linemen. The 49ers are one of the few teams with a plethora of offensive linemen.

The backs include excellent starters in Ken Willard and John David Crow and especially capable replacements in Gary Lewis and Dave Kopay. A trio of youngsters—Bill Tucker, Doug Cunningham and Bob Daugherty—fit the pattern of the first four: big, fast and good blockers.

Christiansen's trades of Casey, Defensive End Jim Norton and Guard Jim Wilson to Atlanta for the third draft choice (which brought him Steve Spurrier, the top college quarterback of 1966) are not crippling. Casey was to be replaced by Kay McFarland, who had been on the 49er bench for five years.

"Every time we put Kay in a game, he produced," Christiansen said. "We used him all the way a couple of times in pre-season games and he caught seven balls each time." But he also caught an elbow injury that possibly could keep him out for the season. Dick Witcher will fill the position until McFarland returns.

Even without McFarland, the 49ers field a set of receivers second only to Baltimore's in All-Pro Dave Parks and Tight End Monty Stickles. With the best runners, the best offensive line, potentially the best quarterback, plus an excellent replacement in George Mira, who would like to be traded if he can't play more often, the 49ers could score enough to win often.

Christiansen's major concern, however, is to cut down the points scored against his team. Only five teams in the

NFL gave up more points than the 325 San Francisco allowed in 1966. The 49ers were sticky against the run but leaked against passes, reflecting a somewhat less than adequate pass rush.

There are no startling changes on the defensive unit. Elbert Kumbrough, one of the starting defensive backs, was picked up by New Orleans in the draft of veterans, but he is replaced by a good young player in Al Randolph. The defensive line is intact and should be better this season with improved play by Defensive End Stan Hindman. The linebackers, if 12-year veteran Matt Hazeltine holds up for the full season, are sound, and Christiansen has potentially good reserves at this position.

His starting four in the secondary—Jim Johnson, the most underrated corner back in the league, Kermit Alexander, Randolph and George Donnelly—are excellent and he has adequate replacements for them.

If the 49er defense progresses normally and the offense continues its prolific point production, the 49ers might edge out the Rams, but they cannot match the

Ram defense, and most championships, as the cliché goes, are won on defense.

Should Johnny Unitas have one of his good years, the Baltimore Colts could win. Their only problem, other than Unitas' chronically sore right elbow, is an offensive line that does not match San Francisco's. Although the Colts are high on Johnny U's replacement, Jim Ward, they probably could not win with him consistently. Ward was drafted 14th in 1966 from Gettysburg, and he has not yet played a down of NFL football, having spent last season on the taxi squad. Yet Coach Don Shula is optimistic.

"We have no doubts about Ward," Shula said recently. "He's a tremendous boy. Last year he never even played in a pre-season game but he sure looks good now."

Ward looked poised in completing five of six passes for 96 yards in a pre-season game against the Boston Patriots, but he is still a rookie and the only other backstop the Colts have for Unitas is another rookie, Terry Southall of Baylor. So the Colts are walking along the narrow edge of disaster at quarterback, and it is too

CHARTS TO COMPARE TEAMS

In the chart below and those on succeeding pages, each team has been rated in the most important phases of pro ball. To arrive a realistic appraisal of strengths, the ratings have been weighted. Thus, quarterback, linebackers and the defensive line, the most vital positions, are accorded four points; the offensive line,

next most vital, is given three; the secondary and receivers two and running backs and kicking game one. A team's points for a position are figured by multiplying the weighted value against its ranking (4, 3, 2 or 1). The charts were prepared by Tex Maule and Edwin Shiak, who wrote the NFL and AFL scouting reports.

RATING THE COASTAL

CATEGORY	RAMS	49ERS	COLTS	FALCONS
Quarterback	8	12	16	4
Linebackers	16	12	8	4
Defensive line	16	8	12	4
Offensive line	6	12	9	3
Secondary	8	6	4	2
Receivers	4	6	8	2
Running backs	3	4	1	2
Kicking game	4	2	3	1
TOTAL	65	62	61	22

much to hope that Unitas, at 34, will go an entire season unscathed. He threw on a reduced schedule during training camp, resting his arm. He won't be able to afford that kind of luxury during the season.

Elsewhere, the Colts are more improved than any other team in the division. Massive Bubba Smith, the No. 1 draft choice, for whom they traded Gary Cuozzo to the New Orleans Saints, should eventually be another Big Daddy. Lipscomb or Gino Marchetti in the defensive line, which is already strong. Their linebackers, despite a wholesale raid by the Saints in the veteran draft, are still good, if not as deep as before. The team will, however, miss Alvan Haymond's defensive play. He will be lost for half the season with an injury.

The running backs—Tony Lorick, Jerry Hall, Tom Matte and Lenny Moore—are all experienced, but they lack the size and speed of the 49ers and the shiftness of Mason and Bass of the Rams. John Mackey, the excellent Colt tight end, may move into the backfield for some plays this fall in a new I formation Shula has developed. Mackey was a running back in college and has remarkable moves for so big a man.

The Colts have scrimmaged much more often in training camp than in years gone by. "We had an awful lot of work to do when we came to camp and we're getting it done," Shula explained. "This has been a good camp."

Said Lorick, "Physically we should be ready for anything. This extra contact work has got all of us wanting to do some damage to somebody besides our own teammates. I'm tired of hitting our guys. I want some fresh meat."

The Colt rookie error, headed by Smith, is a good one; even Raymond Berry, the perennial All-Pro receiver, may feel the pressure from a youngster named Ray Perkins, who is fast enough to be a deep threat. Up from Alabama, Perkins can catch the ball in traffic and runs crisp patterns, but the odds are that he will be used only from time to time to test Berry whenever Berry begins to feel like the old veteran that he is.

By the end of the 1966 season Norb Hecker, the young coach of the Atlanta Falcons, had done a remarkable job of welding the disparate elements he had drafted from NFL clubs and the colleges into a reasonably cohesive machine. The Falcons, for an expansion team, were

very good. In winning three games and upsetting the contending St. Louis Cardinals late in the year, they gave promise of better days.

Unluckily for Hecker and the Falcons, Atlanta was included in the Coastal Division in the realignment of the league. The move is not likely to make his nights during this season very restful.

Although Hecker has made no really significant additions to his roster, the Falcons, familiar now with his offensive and defensive systems, will be at least 20% stronger than they were a year ago. Probably the strongest segment of the Falcon lineup is the offensive line, where Frank Marchlewski is a potential All-Pro at center and Dan Grimm, acquired from the Green Bay Packers, ranks as a top guard. In Billy Martin, the tight end, Hecker has a very good blocker.

Surprisingly, the strong point of the Falcon attack in 1966 was the running game, powered by ex-Packer Junior Coffey and ex-Giant Ernie Wheelwright. Coffey and Wheelwright, whose position is threatened on and off by Perry Lee Dunn, are back again, and Tom Moore, obtained by trade from the Los Angeles Rams, will lend experienced depth when he gets over an injury. Rookies Tom Bryan and Jim Jordan offer Hecker reasonably good untested talent, and Preston Riddlehuber, who matured toward the end of the 1966 season, seems stronger in his second year.

Randy Johnson, the rookie quarterback from Texas A&I, played remarkably well in his first year. Possessed of a strong and accurate arm and a good tactical sense, he should be much more effective this season, with a year of rugged experience behind him. Steve Sloan, from Alabama, looked good during the training season and will be the backup man for Johnson if a bad shoulder holds up.

The weakness of the Falcons, understandably, is in pass defense. Since it takes a minimum of three years to develop a coordinated defensive unit, Hecker is still building his. He has a solid foundation in Tommy Nobis, the middle linebacker from Texas, who was the Falcons' first draft choice and a superb performer in his rookie season. Nobis is probably on his way to All-Pro honors in the next few years and he has strong help from linebackers Ralph Heck and Marion Rushing. If the Falcons lack depth in linebacking, at least their first three rate with the others in the division.

The defensive line was vulnerable to power sweeps in 1966 because of a lack of really strong ends, and it was not consistent in rushing the passer, which placed an insupportable burden on the young and uncoordinated Falcon secondary. Jim Norton, a good end acquired from San Francisco, should help solve this problem. The Falcons' first draft choice, Leo Carroll from San Diego State, was being counted on heavily, but he is out for the year with knee trouble. The secondary, which leaked grievously last year, should leak again, although not quite so badly. Nick Rasmussen, who started strongly before injury stopped him in 1966, is well and adds strength where before there was mostly weakness. But the unit as a whole still lacks the confidence that comes with time.

The Falcons, too, do not have an adequate place-kicker, which shuts off the automate three points available to most teams once they penetrate their opponents' 30-yard line. This lack also hurts on kickoffs by allowing the opposition a runback on every play. With a defense as vulnerable as the Falcons', long kickoff returns are fatal, setting up the other team in good field position and increasing the burden on the Falcon secondary.

The Falcons, then, will be better—but not nearly good enough to finish anywhere but last in this division.

First should go to the team with the division's strongest defense plus improved running and passing. That, of course, is Los Angeles. Much depends upon the health of Mason and the development of Ellison, the running backs who must come through to relieve the pressure on Bass. If Mason can perform up to his good seasons, the added running strength will open up the passing routes for Gabriel and the fine array of Ram receivers. In Bruce Gossett, the Rams have the most accurate place-kicker in the division, a big factor in a race as close as this one is likely to be.

But a few reservations must be made: The San Francisco 49ers, with the best-balanced attack in the division and an improved and deeper defense, are capable of upsetting the Rams. The Colts themselves could get lucky and return to their winning ways. They have all that it takes except a proven quarterback to replace John Unitas should he falter. Until Jim Ward proves his worth, Baltimore is living precariously.

CONTINUED



MINNESOTA VIKINGS



GREEN BAY PACKERS



CHICAGO BEARS



DETROIT LIONS

RUNAWAY IN CENTRAL

Some teams age gracefully. Green Bay just gets better. In a division beset with troubles elsewhere, the Packers can win pretty much as they please

The rise and growth of the American Football League, not to mention the expansion of the NFL itself, have almost doubled the number of football jobs open to talented college graduates. The trouble is, there are not that many talented graduates. As a consequence, no team in either league is truly deep at every position—no team, that is, except Green Bay. The Packers again have everything, and the odds are that when Super Bowl time comes next January 14 they will be the NFL representative in Miami's Orange Bowl. If they are, they will be the first team in NFL history to win three straight championships.

"I don't think I've ever worked hard-

er," says Coach Vince Lombardi, "I can't remember when the Packers have had a larger player turnover."

Despite the turnover, the Packers should be as strong as ever and even more explosive than the grind-it-out, ball-control teams of the recent past. Jim Taylor and Elijah Pitts, excellent as always, were the principal runners in 1966, but neither posed a long threat from the line of scrimmage. This season Green Bay has runners who do. Although Taylor is now with the Saints, Pitts remains, along with Jim Grabowski and Donny Anderson, who have served their apprenticeships and appear to be ready to step in where Taylor and Paul Hornung used to step

out. A rookie named Travis Williams and husky Ben Wilson, an arrival from the Los Angeles Rams, assure the Packers of their customary wealth in running backs and enhance the possibility that the attack will be a long-striking one.

Green Bay, of course, starts with an inestimable advantage—a quarterback who has been the most effective in football for several years, plus a perfect backup man. Bart Starr has demonstrated all

continued

Donny Anderson of Green Bay, the long-striding halfback with fullback size, led the team in kickoff returns.





the qualities that make for superstardom at quarterback, a fine arm, a quick delivery, poise and complete command of the tactical resources of his team. Behind him is Zeke Bratkowski, who has much experience, a good arm and the full confidence of the team when he is called upon to lead it. The Packers are one of the few teams that can accept an injury to the No. 1 quarterback.

Not that they have been faced with this possibility very often. Operating behind the best offensive line in pro football, Starr has been virtually indestructible. His value, it becomes clearer with each new season, cannot be overestimated. More than any other quarterback, he aims his passes with assurance, never releasing the ball until he is sure where it is going. Says Jack Christensen, coach of the 49ers, "Starr's the best right now, and before he's done—which will be soon, I hope—he may be the best of all time."

Even Sid Gillman, the coach of the San Diego Chargers in the AFL, pays tribute to the quiet quarterback of the Packers. "Bart Starr is in a class by himself," Gillman says. "He has been ahead of John Unitas for a long time. Nobody can touch him. He's as good as there ever has been. The thing about him is that when he finds something, he wears it out. Show him a weakness and he'll hammer it to death. The Packers are sensible people. They pick out the things they can do and waste no time on frills."

With more speed in the backfield, Starr will have plenty of things he can do behind his almost perfect protection. Most of them involve exploiting an ideal set of receivers. Boyd Dowler, the tall ex-hurdler, is very fast and has the advantage of being able to reach over most defensive backs to catch the ball. Max McGee, seemingly ageless and infinitely wise after 11 years in the NFL, demonstrated the value of experience last year in the Super Bowl when he outfoxed the callow Kansas City corner backs for seven catches and two touchdowns in the Green Bay victory.

McGee is a spot player, but Carroll Dale is not, and he shares much of McGee's wisdom and has more speed. Tight End Marv Hettung, whom Lombardi

considered the most improved player on the Packer roster last year, rates among the best in the league at his position. He was slowed by injury during the preseason games, but another youngster, Allen Brown, stands ready to fill in acceptably should Fleming fail to regain his full effectiveness.

Brown has himself been injured the last two years. Bob Long, a very fast outside receiver, also has been hurt. His loss will take away some of the speed that Green Bay needs, but, as usual, the Packers have adequate rookie help—this year in Dave Dunaway of Duke and Jeff White, who spent last year absorbing the Lombardi optional route system as a member of the taxi squad. Both can move.

The offensive line is approaching senior-citizen status. If the rest of the NFL teams take solace in that, they should not. The only man likely to break into that supremely competent group this season is Guard Gale Gillingham. Fuzzy Thurston is the one he would replace, but remember that Thurston's retirement has been predicted for three seasons now, and nobody yet has been able to usurp his position. One of the younger, quicker guards who was supposed to take his place is now playing for the Atlanta Falcons, and last season Thurston performed notably.

The rest of the offensive line is about the same—the best. Jerry Kramer, whole and hearty after a series of mishaps, remains one of the two or three finest guards in football, and Ken Bowman is a blooded, strong center who returns after a year missed because of injury. Forrest Gregg and Bob Skoronski still rank at the top as offensive tackles, and if these names are not sufficient, then Lombardi can drop more, such as Steve Wright's—he has been a backup man for three years at tackle—and Bob Hyland's—he was a lineman on the college All-Star team that lost to Green Bay in August.

The situation on defense is little less promising. In 1966 Green Bay held its opponents to fewer points than any other team in the NFL. Some have hunted that advancing years have slowed the men responsible for that showing, but Lombardi thinks not.

"My team has been called old by some people," he says. "But as long as the players win, they are not old. Our strongest point is experience, and I don't just mean years in the league but the experience of the type of games these people

have been through. Championship game experience. Anyone who did not value that type of experience would be a fool."

Willie Davis, an All-Pro end, and Henry Jordan, an All-Pro defensive tackle, embody that experience in the Packer defensive line. Ron Kostelnik, coming into his seventh year, is a young—by Packer standards—addition to the front four. Behind this formidable array stand Jim Weatherwax, a 6' 7", 260-pound second-year man, and a high draft choice, 6' 5", 265-pound Dick Arndt. Only Lionel Aldridge, a fine end who was injured in pre-season play, will be missing early on. Aldridge probably will be replaced by Bob Brown, a brood of a young man who stands 6' 5", weighs 260 and is immensely strong. Someone recently asked him how strong he was and he said, "I don't know. I'm not much for weight lifting. Give me a quarterback or a fullback instead." The Packers did not get devastated by Aldridge's loss.

The three top Green Bay linebackers are probably the best in football. Ray Nitschke, Lee Roy Caffey and Dave Robinson combine size and speed ideally. Robinson, in fact, is considered by some opposing coaches as the best one-on-one linebacker in the business. And Green Bay has an exemplary player sitting on the bench waiting for a chance in Tommy Crutcher.

The secondary is the same as it was in 1966—in players and excellence. Herb Adderley has underlined his claim to being the best corner back in football, and Bob Jeter, who is Green Bay's other corner, has almost the same credentials. Willie Wood is an All-Pro safety man, and Tom Brown improved from game to game last year. Competent replacements include Doug Hart and Dave Hathcock.

It is hard to fault the Packers anywhere. Helping them, too, will be the weakness of the Central Division. Detroit and Minnesota have new coaches and Minnesota has a new quarterback, as well. The Chicago Bears are in the throes of a massive rebuilding project, and at the moment appear to have no competent quarterback at all. If winning in the Central will be a walkover for the Packers, taking second place will be a scramble for the others. Minnesota could just luck out, although Detroit, with greater strengths, should be favored.

Fran Tarkenton has taken his exorbitant, if not always winning, style of play to New York, and his replacement will come

Gale Sayers of Bears leapt, swiveled and reeled to total-offense record in 1966 as the NFL's outstanding runner.

continued

from Ron VanderKelen, Boh Berry or John Hankinson, a trio distinguished by the fact that among them they have started a total of three NFL games. At that, they show more experience than the Vikings' coaches. Head Coach Bud Grant, Offensive Backfield Coach Gus Mertes and Defensive Coach Bob Hollway have never coached an NFL team, and Jimmy Carr, the defensive backfield coach, has had only a year's indoctrination. Grant, whose last contact with NFL play came in 1952 when he played end for Philadelphia before leaving for the Canadian Football League, summed up his club's principal problems succinctly.

"The biggest question marks about the Vikings in 1967 are the quarterback and me," he said.

The questions will not be answered until the season is well under way, but it is unlikely that they will both be answered in the affirmative. Grant contends there is no great difference between Canadian and NFL football, but he must still familiarize himself with teams totally strange to him.

On the plus side, the club helped itself by acquiring valuable players from the Giants in exchange for Tarkenton and from the Rams for Tommy Mason and Hal Bedsole. The Vikings also did well in the draft. For Tarkenton they got both the Giants' first and second draft choices and picked Halfback Clint Jones of Michigan State and Flanker Bob Grim of Oregon State, plus a bonus choice from the Giants in 1968, which, considering the desperate state of the New York team, could very well be the first draft pick.

The Vikings did even better in the Rams' deal. Marvin McKeever has taken over solidly as the tight end, and the Rams' first draft choice for 1967 turned out to be Alan Page of Notre Dame, who will wind up as a starting defensive end.

The strongest player acquired by the Vikings in their own draft was Gene Washington of Michigan State, who can play either split end or flanker. Washington, Jones, Grant and Bobby Bryant, another astute draft pick, give the Vikings better speed on the flanks and kick returns than they have had before.

The Vikings, who had become restive under the high-pressure, volatile Norm Van Brocklin, seem more at ease with Grant, whose coaching is low-key and persuasive. Their attack, without Tarkenton's scrambling antics, will certainly

be more staid. A sound offensive line should give Grant the means to install a half-control offense, similar to the one that moved Green Bay for years. His running backs are good if not spectacular. Bill Brown, a low-slung, bandy-legged strong man, is a good blocking fullback, and he will be helped by Dave Osborn, who replaces Mason at halfback. Osborn, too, is a strong, tough runner who makes few mistakes. Jones, the rookie, may add sparkle to the running. The receivers are improved over last year, with McKeever helping Paul Flutie and Jim Phillips.

The Minnesota defense, with outstanding linebackers and a seasoned defensive line, is set but the Vikings need a stronger rush from the front four. Page, replacing the injured Carl Eller, may help, and Jim Marshall continues to be of value with his strong, consistent rushes from the other end. The secondary is experienced and tough. Dale Hackbart may miss the early part of the season because of a leg injury, but Jeff Jordan, a promising third-year man, appears capable of replacing him without upsetting the defense.

The Detroit Lions, who achieved the unenviable distinction of being the first NFL team to lose to an AFL club—and to the Denver Broncos, yet—face as many problems as the Vikings.

In Joe Schmidt, they have a brand-new head coach. In Karl Sweetan, they have what amounts to a brand-new starting quarterback. They may wind up with a practically brand-new team.

When Schmidt, a perennial All-Pro

linebacker and the captain of the once-stout Detroit defense, took over as head coach this year he made a typically hard-bitten appraisal of the team he knows inside out. "We have only 16 or 17 good football players," he said frankly. "I mean players who are a cut above the average."

Under Harry Gilmer, many of the cut-above-average players had become dissatisfied and unwilling to work. Discipline had deteriorated, and the club was playing well below its potential. Schmidt cracked down on the malcontents as soon as he took over, and drew the limits of behavior for the club so sharply that it cost a player \$100 for walking on the grass at camp, instead of on the sidewalk.

"I think discipline plays a big part in football," Schmidt said. "If there is discipline on the field, there will be discipline on it. Sometimes people can't discipline themselves, so there have to be rules for those people."

Under Gilmer, the laxity of mental discipline was evident in the many and costly penalties the team suffered. Under Schmidt, it appeared briefly that the same thing would hold this season. In that surprising loss to Denver, Alex Karras was thrown out of the game for kicking a Denver player and Wayne Walker drew an unsportsmanlike-conduct penalty when he threw the football at the Denver quarterback.

Schmidt reacted by taking an even tighter hold on the reins. The club responded by beating Buffalo the next time out. Schmidt found a real bright spot in that game in the running of two rookie

RATING THE CENTRAL

CATEGORY	PACKERS	VIKINGS	LIONS	BEARS
Quarterback	16	8	12	4
Linebackers	16	8	4	12
Defensive line	16	8	12	4
Offensive line	12	9	6	3
Secondary	8	6	2	4
Receivers	8	2	4	6
Running backs	3	2	1	4
Kicking game	4	2	3	1
TOTAL	83	45	44	38

backs—Nick Eddy of Notre Dame and Mel Farr of UCLA, both of whom were in the College All-Star camp when Detroit played Denver. Eddy scored a touchdown on a long punt return the first time he touched the ball as a pro, and Farr, the fourth time he got his hands on the ball, scored on a 38-yard pass from Milt Plum. Unfortunately, Eddy was hurt later and will be out for six weeks.

Significantly for the future, Eddy and Farr were the first glamour rookies signed by the Lions since the NFL-AFL fight began. The attraction that had resulted from the Lions' refusal to consent for players is the principal reason for their present ineptitude.

It will take several years of signing top draft choices to remedy the lack of recent seasons. The Lion offensive line is spotty, with John Gordy at guard the only player of All-Pro quality. Charley Bradshaw, who retired from the Pittsburgh Steelers and was lured back into action by Detroit, helps at one tackle, but overall, the Lions still need more help here. If Daryl Sanders can be brought back from retirement, too, he will give the team another good tackle and improve the blocking.

The running, with Eddy and Farr teaming with the experienced Amos Marsh, should emerge from the doldrums of the past few years. If Sweetan is as good a quarterback and thrower as Schmidt thinks he is, Detroit's passing should open the paths for the ground game as well.

Milt Plum, who has been a long time in the league and most of that time in the wings, gives the club experience, but it is Sweetan who must come through.

"I will decide on my quarterback just before the season," says Schmidt, who, during his playing days, was no fan of the quiet, unassuming Plum. But Plum had an excellent training camp and Schmidt may eventually go to him as No. 1 despite the fact he is not a fiery type. Sweetan is a strong leader, without Plum's technical capabilities.

"I don't understand the word leadership," Plum says. "Are you not a leader because you don't yell and scream and hoot and holler? I'm an individual. I've got my own ways. This team still thinks back too much to the days of Bobby Layne."

The Lion defense has shown cracks in recent years, but that may be a result of the poor morale on the club. Certainly

the players, although approaching pro football middle age, are still formidable. Karras and Roger Brown are two of the best tacklers in the NFL, and Darnis McCord and Larry Hand are respected ends. The linebackers—Ernie Clark, Mike Lucci and Wayne Walker—have missed Schmidt since his retirement, but they remain strong.

The secondary, once the best in football, has sagged. Dick LeBeau, the right corner back, is All-Pro, but the other three fall short of his ability, and Schmidt, correctly, has said he needs help here.

Fortunately, Schmidt will have time to plug up the holes in the Lion offense and defense. Bill Ford, owner of the club, has given him a five-year contract. "It might take five years to get us back in contention," Ford says. He is probably right.

It might take George Halas longer than five years to make the Chicago Bears the Monsters of the Midway again. Seldom has a team crumbled so thoroughly so fast as the Bears have since they won the NFL title in 1963. Now the Monsters are midgets and the Bears are in a state of disarray. They are trying rookies at tight end and defensive end. Fullback Andy Livingston is recovering from a leg injury that kept him out during 1966 and has not yet attained playing speed or weight. Ron Bull, who has hurt his leg and will not be back in action until early in the season, Ralph Kurek and the incomparable Gale Sayers are the other running backs. Sayers suffered an ankle injury during the off season and has been slow attaining top form. Johnny Morris, the flanker who caught 93 passes for a league record in 1964, is coming off a leg injury which sidelined him last season, and he must be considered doubtful.

The defensive platoon does not shape up any better. At right corner back, Curtis Gentry, with a few minutes' NFL experience, is the leading contender, and at left corner back, two rookies are the candidates. Finally, the place-kickers cannot reach the end zone on kickoffs, despite coaching from old pro Ben Agajanian.

Last year the Bears won five games. They controlled the ball for fewer offensive plays than any other club in the league and gained fewer yards passing. Since then they have lost, one way or another, Mike Ditka, Doug Atkins, Jon Arnett, Bob Kikulaen, Joe Marconi, Herman Lee and Dave Whitwell, all first-string players. Halas is trying out

rookies to replace almost all of these.

There are a few bright spots. The defensive line is strong in the middle, with Tackles Dick Evey and Frank Cornish, a 285-pound giant, Dick Butkus is an All-Pro middle linebacker. Ed O'Bradovich has decided to return after all at defensive end, and the tandem of Richie Petitbon and Roosevelt Taylor at safety is quick and experienced. But the corner backs and corner linebackers leave something to be desired. No amount of strength up the middle can compensate for these deficiencies.

Halas, however, is not desperate. After watching films of the Washington Redskins walloping his team 37-14, he could see a silver lining. "We have concluded that with some tightening up at spots, we can become one of the most defensive units in the league this year," Halas said optimistically. "One encouraging factor was that we were able to improve considerably on our third-down defense, an area in which we had trouble last year. We stopped the Redskins 11 of 13 times on third-down passes, and on a third-and-one situation we stopped them on the ground."

Halas is experimenting with using Ben McRae, a corner back, as a corner linebacker on third downs when a pass seems possible. This may help. The Bear offensive line is much the same as last year except that it does not have Ditka, and that does not aid the blocking at all. It was inadequate with Ditka in 1966; it should be worse this year.

And last, the Bears still do not have a top-quality quarterback. Halas got Jack Concannon from Philadelphia for Ditka, but he is not calculated to improve the situation much for a few years, since he lacks experience. As one Chicago columnist put it, "The Bears got the third-string quarterback from a team where the first- and second-string quarterbacks ranked 16th and 21st in the league."

But, more charitably, Concannon can only help. He can roll out and create some confusion in defenses and he may have more time to find receivers than either of the other two quarterbacks, Rudy Bukich or Larry Rakestraw, who must remain in the very flimsy blocking pocket to throw.

It is a long, long way between the Packers and the Bears, or, for that matter, the Packers and the Vikings and Lions in this least competitive of the NFL's four divisions.

CONTINUED

NFL: THE EAST



DALLAS COWBOYS



NEW ORLEANS SAINTS



PHILADELPHIA EAGLES



WASHINGTON REDSKINS

CAPITOL STAYS WEST

The Redskins want to return the title where they think it belongs—the nation's capital. Planted firmly in the way, however, are the Cowboys

Last season the Dallas Cowboys came within one furious last-minute yard of tying the Green Bay Packers in the National Football League championship game in the Cotton Bowl. This year the margin may be even narrower.

After seven painful years in Dallas, Tex Schramm, the Cowboy general manager, and Tom Landry, the serious, thoughtful coach, finally have fashioned what may become a dynasty. The Cowboys arrived in 1966. For the next few years they should remain comfortably at the top of their conference. This is a young, fast and talented football club. Its only concern now is in achieving deep strength at a couple of positions.

One position where it has almost an embarrassment of depth is at quarterback. Behind the experienced and very competent Don Meredith are two young and promising third-year men, Craig Morton and Jerry Rhome. Neither has had much opportunity to play and, as Landry says, "They are only now reaching the point where they have learned their trade."

So far neither back has shown signs of resenting his second-class status. "They realize," Landry says, "that it takes at least three years for a good quarterback to mature in professional football. Both of them have looked good in training. Rhome particularly."

With a healthy Meredith on hand, the two youngsters can look forward to another year of working the phones to the spotters in the press box, with an occasional sortie onto the field when the Cowboys pile up a lead. Since the Dallas offense is one of the most explosive in the NFL, they may find themselves in action often.

Meredith, who took his football lightly in his formative pro years, has grown

continued

Don Reeves of Dallas vaulted over more than the Cardinal defense in leading all Cowboy rushers last season.





up and now ranks among the top quarterbacks in the league. He has learned to operate the imaginative and complex Landry offense, with its strong running and fast and sure receivers, with assurance and aplomb. A magnificent Dallas defense could mean that Meredith will be able to launch that offense from good field position.

The only thing that can stop the Cowboys this year is a siege of injuries. As promising as Morton and Rhyme are, their lack of experience with the intricate Dallas offense could hurt the team's chances if one or the other had to replace Meredith for any length of time. The pair of them have thrown only 118 passes in two seasons, as compared with 649 for Meredith. Meredith stayed well in 1966, but he has had a history of injuries: a shoulder separation in 1964, a hand injury in 1962, knee and ankle injuries complicated by a stomach ailment in 1964 and a sore arm in 1965. This training session he broke a rib. It is to his credit that he has performed well even when playing in pain.

The Dallas defensive line gives the Cowboys a pass rush second only to the Rams', but behind the front four of Willie Townes, Jethro Pugh, Bob Lilly and George Andrie the quality drops off sharply. Dallas traded the very competent Jim Covert away in the off season and none of the rookies who reported to camp this year have shown exceptional ability. Coy Bacon, a 6' 4", 270-pound free agent from Jackson State, will be able to help if he learns quickly enough. But the club has a surplus of good players at other positions, and a trade might be the best solution.

If the Cowboys could pick up an extra linebacker in the same trade, it would strengthen them at another of their thin points. Their starting trio of Dave Edwards, Lee Roy Jordan and Chuck Howley is excellent and substitute Harold Hays is a strong five-year man with good speed, but the Cowboys could use one more proven player to spell Jordan in the middle.

The only other question mark on the team is, ironically, the kicking game. Although the Cowboys went on a much-

publicized safari during the off season in search of kickers, they did not uncover much talent. Danny Villanueva, who had a bone spur removed from his left ankle at training camp, is still the best of a mediocre lot. If the operation returns him to his top efficiency of earlier years, he could give Dallas better than average—but not really first-rate—punting and place-kicking.

Everywhere else the Cowboys are both talented and deep. In Bob Hayes, Pete Gent, Frank Clarke, Lance Rentzel, Buddy Dial, Pettis Norman and an impressive rookie tight end named Rayfield Wright (he is 6' 7" and weighs 245), they have as many first-class receivers as any club in the league. Dial has been out with a bad back during the training season but, should he be unable to return, his loss would not be felt deeply. Hayes, with his clever patterns and great speed, is about the most respected long receiver in the game. Even when he does not catch the ball, he distorts most defenses by siphoning at least two men from the secondary to cover him.

The powerful Dallas aerial game opens up the ground attack, animated principally by Don Perkins and the surprising Dan Reeves, who did so well in 1966 after Mel Renfro was hurt that he put Renfro back on the defensive unit. Perkins and Reeves add exceptional pass-catching ability to their deeply respected capabilities as runners.

Behind them are second-year man Walt Garrison, who had an impressive rookie season in 1966, Les Shy, another second-year man; 12-year veteran J. D. Smith; and Craig Baynham, a rookie from Georgia Tech who is a 9.6 sprinter and was a flanker in college. Baynham has been unusually good in early games.

The 1966 Cowboys led the league in scoring and in total offense, and almost as much of the credit for this belonged to the offensive line, the best in the division, as to the backfield and receivers. The Cowboys lost Center Dave Manders for the season with a knee injury, but Mike Connelly, a guard and center last season, will take over his chores, with Malcolm Walker, a top draft choice who has been injured the last two seasons, backing him up. This may handicap the club briefly, until Connelly settles in as a center, but it is not a major disaster. The rest of the offensive line is young and strong and functions equally as well in opening holes or protecting the passer.

The Cowboys were second only to St. Louis in total defense last year and led the Eastern Conference in fewest points allowed opponents. The defensive unit is intact.

"The first championship is the toughest," Landry said last year after the Cowboys won the Eastern Conference title. "After that they come easier." This one may indeed be easier.

If it is not, the team most likely to make life difficult for Dallas is Washington. The Redskins beat the Cowboys once last year and lost once, 31-30, when Meredith and Villanueva managed to pull out the victory. In Sonny Jurgensen, Washington has the man who is considered by many to be the best quarterback in the East. And Receiver Charley Taylor is regarded almost as highly as Bob Hayes. More important, however, the Redskins have had a year to learn the philosophy and system of Coach Otto Graham. They enter the 1967 campaign a more sure-footed and knowledgeable contender.

Last year it took a good deal of the season for the offensive line to jell, since most of the players were strangers to one another. Seven new men appeared on the defensive lineup and All-Pro Tackle Joe Rutgens was hurt and out for most of the season. In view of the wholesale changes, it was a tribute to Graham's tenacity that the club wound up with a 7-7 record and was progressing rapidly at the end.

The Redskins' improvement has been reflected so far this season in an affirmative attitude that may give them considerable early momentum.

"We are far advanced over where we were a year ago," Graham says. "My big problem last year was to develop a winning attitude on a club that was used to losing. Now they think they have a chance to go all the way."

If indeed the Redskins go all the way, it will have to be on the arm of Jurgensen and the hands of his excellent receivers, since the Redskins' running does not appear strong enough to carry the load. The most spectacular and, as it turned out, the most useful move made by the experimenting Graham in 1966 was to shift Taylor from a running-back position to split end midway in the seventh game of the year. Taylor, who was not particularly charmed by the shift, had caught only 18 passes to that point, in the second half of the season he

continued

Charlie Gogolek of the Redskins, kicking the ball soccer style, became team's highest scorer ever as a rookie.

caught 54 more for a league-leading total of 72. His forte is catching a short, quick pass just over the line of scrimmage and using his fine speed and exceptional footwork to break free. He doubtless will be double-teamed all this year, as he was at the close of last season. The tactic did not work well, since the rest of the Redskins receivers are first-class, too. When the defenses paid too much attention to Taylor, Jurgensen found inviting targets in Tight End Jerry Smith and Flanker Bobby Mitchell. All three receivers finished in the top 10 in the NFL, and Jurgensen led the league's passers with a whopping total of 254 completions for 3,209 yards and 28 touchdowns, one behind Frank Ryan.

Graham has helped to insure his passing game by acquiring Jim Ninowski from Cleveland to back up Jurgensen. Ninowski, experienced and very capable, gives the Redskins the strongest set of quarterbacks in the East, comparable to Bart Starr and Zeke Bratkowski of Green Bay in the West.

The Redskins defensive unit should be much improved over 1966, when Graham reshuffled it completely. The return of a healed Rutgers to the front four strengthens a line that needed it. Now the line consists of Carl Kammerer and Ron Snow at ends and Rutgers and Walter Barnes at tackles, and it should be a sound one.

The only change on defense this year is at left linebacker, where John Reger has retired. Sam Huff, now entering his 12th season in the NFL, and Chris Hanburger give the Skins a strong pair in the middle and on the right. A three-way battle among substitutes Jim Carroll and Steve Jackson and rookie Larry Henderson will decide the other position, and the defense should not be seriously weakened no matter who wins it.

In 1966 the only seasoned defensive back returning was Paul Krause, one of the best safety men in the conference. He was joined by Jim Shorner and Rickie Harris at corner back and Bing Owens at strong safety, and all four return with the advantage of having had a season together. Graham has good replacements available in his secondary, which he hopes will be stronger than last year's. The kicking is done by Charlie Gogolak, a soccer-style booter who made 105 points in 1966 to break the Washington scoring record by 17.

The three work horses in the Washing-

ton backfield last season were Steve Thurlow, obtained from the New York Giants; Joe Don Looney, for whom Washington is the fourth NFL team in three seasons; and A. D. Whitfield, picked up from the Dallas Cowboys. None was sensational, although Whitfield proved to be the best. Their positions threatened by the arrival of Ray McDonald, the No. 1 draft choice, Thurlow and Looney have looked sharper this year. McDonald, at 6' 4" and 248 pounds, has tremendous power but he got a late start with the club after spending the early weeks with the College All-Stars. If he lives up to expectations, the Redskins' running should be better than it was in 1966. Washington almost has the potential to supply a new ending to the old Cowboys and Indians plot.

The Philadelphia Eagles finished tied for second in the Eastern Conference in 1966 and appear to have strengthened themselves considerably since then. Joe Kuharich, who is certainly the biggest wheeler-dealer in coaching ranks, completed the 13th and 14th trades since he took over the Eagles three years ago, and both trades appear now to be good ones. His major lack during 1966 was receivers. For Earl Gros, a good fullback, and reserve Guard Bruce Van Dyke, he obtained an exceptionally good flanker from the Pittsburgh Steelers in Gary Ballman. He sent Quarterback Jack Concanon to the Chicago Bears for Mike Ditka, one of the strongest tight ends in football. Ditka was restive under George Halas. If he is happy and giving under Kuharich, the Eagles will wind up with

one of the two or three best tight ends in the business.

King Hill, who plays behind Norman Sneed at quarterback for the Eagles, broke the second metacarpal bone in his right hand in an exhibition game and will be out of action for the first third of the season. This leaves the Eagles woefully undermanned at quarterback. Even New Orleans in its first year is better prepared in this most important of all positions. Sneed has never been better than a journeyman, and behind him now is only a castoff from the Steelers—who themselves did not have sufficient quarterbacking. Indicative of the Eagles' troubles with the position is the case of Bob Miller. Up from the taxi squad, he reentered a knee and went straight out again. Maybe Kuharich can manage another of his inspired trades to remedy this deficiency, but the hardest of all players to deal for are good passers.

Fortunately the quarterbacks Kuharich does own have a fine set of catchers to throw to. Ray Poage, who missed last season after a knee operation, is back, and the addition of Ballman and Ditka is a vast plus. Last year the Eagles were 13th in passing in the NFL, because of poor throwing, poor protection and very ordinary receivers. This year they should move up to the first division.

The Eagles can always settle for keeping the ball on the ground. Despite the loss of Gros, Kuharich retains one of the most devastating running attacks in the game. Fullbacks Tom Woodeshack and Izzy Lang, with the strong Tummy

RATING THE CAPITOL

CATEGORY	COWBOYS	REDSKINS	EAGLES	SAINTS
Quarterback	12	16	4	8
Linebackers	16	12	8	4
Defensive line	16	8	12	4
Offensive line	12	6	9	3
Secondary	8	4	6	2
Receivers	6	8	4	2
Running backs	4	2	3	1
Kicking game	1	4	3	2
TOTAL	75	60	49	26

Brown, give Philadelphia both short and long striking power. And this year's draft has brought more exceptional running. Arkansas' Harry Jones and Nebraska's Lighthorse Harry Wilson are quick, powerful and fast, and Dan Berry, a halfback who can throw the option pass, is in a class with them. All three are good receivers, too. With such wealth, Kuba-rich has the resources to trade for a quarterback if any are on the available list.

The offensive line, anchored by massive Bob Brown, 6' 4" and 295 pounds, is second only to Dallas' in the division and will give Sneed, who spent the early years of his NFL life running for cover, unaccustomed protection. The only possible soft spot is at left guard, where tax-squad graduate Dick Hart must replace live-year man Ed Blaine, who has retired to get his medical degree. The Eagles drafted Jon Brooks, a 262-pounder from Kent State, to help out the guards, but he has been lost to the team with a torn cartilage. Weakness in the middle line could be fatal against the quick defensive tackles of Washington and Dallas.

Defensively, the Eagles will be better than they were last year, although behind the Cowboys. The young secondary of Jim Nittles and Al Nelson at corner back and Joe Scarpati and Nate Rainsay at the safeties were coming up with big plays toward the end of 1966 and should be improved, although the injured Nelson will miss a few games. The defensive line could help by putting more pressure on the passer. Floyd Peters had an exceptional season in 1966. He is 31, however, and entering his 10th year as a tackle and may not be able to provide the strong inside rush needed. Tackle John Meyers does not get to the quarterback quickly from inside.

The Eagle linebackers are not the best in the division either. Undistinguished in 1966, the group is back in its entirety. The Eagles, then, will depend again upon a high-scoring offense and will probably give up too many points on defense. In the stronger division in the East, they should finish no better than third.

A reflection of the strength of the Capitol Division is the New Orleans Saints. The Saints are easily the best expansion team ever to come into football. They have three good quarterbacks and a large supply of excellent linebackers, the sort of talent that many of the older established teams would love to have.

Naturally, they are missing a great

deal at other positions. The offensive line will need a long seasoning before it can compete on even terms with the good defensive lines in the division, and the defensive backs will leak touchdowns until they become accustomed to one another.

The linebackers—three of them picked from the Baltimore Colts—will have a lot of work to do. The addition of Doug Atkins to the defensive line provides a much-needed leavening of experience, and the other defensive end, Jim Garcia, acquired from New York, has looked very good in training camp. But the considerable size and agility of the tackles—rookie David Rowe from Penn State and second-year man Mike Tilleman from Minnesota—cannot make up for their even more considerable lack of experience.

Coach Tom Fears worked the club hard in the initial training period in California and then took it back early to acclimate it to hot and humid New Orleans before the home opener against Los Angeles. This strenuous program has whipped the Saints into midseason form, an advantage that should give them enough of an edge to provide some early-season upsets. The Saints are not sound enough, however, to win later on, when the weather cools and the old hands get hot.

The passing should be exciting, with most of the throwing being done by Gary Cuozzo, long considered the best No. 2 quarterback in the league, and Bill Kilmer, who has gained a new lease on life after coming out from under the twin shadows of John Brode and George Mira at San Francisco. Even Gary Wood, who led a frustrated life on the New York Giants, both on the field and on the bench, should be happier with the Saints.

Fears regards his quarterbacking happily. "Each has his own style," he says. "Cuozzo is the calculating type, Kilmer plays like a kamikaze pilot and Wood is a gambler who doesn't mind running."

He realizes that Wood may spend a good deal of his time running and that Cuozzo and Kilmer will have little time to rest in the pocket. "But usually," he says, "even with a veteran team, the offensive line is the last thing to come around. We may be able to pick up someone in a trade. Good offensive linemen are hard to come by, though. I'm not going to panic."

The lack of a good offensive line may also blunt the talents of Jim Taylor, the All-Pro fullback who came to the Saints after playing out his option with Green Bay. Taylor's strong point is his ability to run to daylight, but the daylight may be hard to find, especially since the Saints do not have another running back of nearly comparable ability to take the pressure off Taylor.

Les Kelley, the Saints' No. 1 draft choice from Alabama, is big and quick. Unfortunately, he plays behind Taylor at fullback. The halfbacks on hand are young and may develop, but not this year. The likely starter is Don McCall, who spent most of his time at USC substituting for Mike Garrett. John Gilliam, a rookie from South Carolina State, is the fastest back in camp, and Tom Barrington, picked from the Redskins roster in the expansion draft, has shown potential.

The Saints will have good receivers in Tom Hall, Walter Roberts, Steve Heckard and Kent Kramer, all picked up from other teams in the veteran selection. Kramer, a strong tight end, is backed up by a surprising 14th-round draft choice, Jim Hester from North Dakota.

"We wound up better off in the expansion draft in receivers, but Atlanta did better in running backs and offensive linemen," says Fears, reverting to a coach's normal pessimism.

The Saints, in fact, are better off as a team than the Falcons were. The defensive line will be manned by experienced hands when Fears puts the Bears' Earl Leggett in for Rowe. Fears has three seasoned linebackers starting in Steve Stonebreaker and Ted Davis from Baltimore and Dave Simmons from St. Louis, and behind them he has three more players with pro experience. He will use two rookies, John Douglas and Bruce Cortez, much of the time at corner back, but the safeties will be Jim Heidel and Obert Logan, who have seen previous service.

"Cortez has been a real surprise," Fears says. "He has great speed and great moves, and Douglas is just as fast."

The Saints got another plus in rookies Ron Widby and Tom McNeill, both of whom have been punting most impressively.

But Fears, with all he has to be optimistic about, must look forward to finishing last. He is in one of the NFL's two best divisions.

CONTINUED



ST. LOUIS CARDINALS



CLEVELAND BROWNS



PITTSBURGH STEELERS



NEW YORK GIANTS

MESS IN THE CENTURY

The Army, labor unrest and a torrent of injuries have scrambled the division into a mixed-up race that Pittsburgh, of all teams, might just win

The Century Division could well be the most interesting in the NFL by virtue of manifold misfortune. The St. Louis Cardinals probably would have been clear favorites had not Quarterback Charley Johnson been called into the Army. Johnson may get off weekends to ply his trade with St. Louis, but, deprived of the necessary hours to practice with his team, his timing is bound to be off. This is hardly a satisfactory arrangement for a team in contention for the title.

The Cleveland Browns, had they kept Jim Ninowski to back up Frank Ryan at quarterback and had not five players tried to negotiate as a bloc with Owner Art Modell, would have been the next

logical choice to win the division title. But these things happened, and suddenly the Pittsburgh Steelers, the team most damaged by injury last year, are in excellent position to win the first championship of any kind for Owner Art Rooney. The only team that appears to be out of the running is the hapless New York Giants, where injuries have compounded the woes of an already weak club.

The Steelers exhibited promise of better things to come at the end of last season, when first-string Quarterback Bill Nelsen returned from knee surgery. In three games against the Giants, Eagles and Falcons, Nelsen led the team to 127 points and twice passed for more than

300 yards. He has a strong arm and good accuracy, and Bill Austin, who was a rookie head coach in 1966, foresees a bright future for him.

"Nelsen can be a star in this league," Austin says. "He showed great improvement when he returned to the lineup. He was more poised and he seemed to pick up the whole team. He was doing a lot better finding his secondary receivers."

Nelsen himself credits his improvement *continued*

Leroy Kelly of the Browns almost made Cleveland forget Jimmy Brown as he scored 15 touchdowns.



ment to the 10 weeks he spent watching from the press box.

"You can see overall play and patterns up there," he said. "The scouts' comments are very helpful, too. The worst place in the stadium to watch a game is on the bench."

To augment the Eagle attack, Austin has acquired Earl Gros, a fine fullback, from the Philadelphia Eagles and help in the offensive line from Cleveland and Philadelphia. The club's principal weakness in 1966 was its running. This should be much stronger in 1967.

"All the players involved in the trades are important," Austin says, "but Gros is the key. We needed a big running back and I know what Gros can do. I coached him at Green Bay. If he gets beyond the line of scrimmage, he has the speed to score. He is also a fine blocker and already he has made Bill Asbury a better player." Gros, however, because of an injury, won't be available until the third game of the season.

Asbury was one of the more successful fullbacks last year. When Gros gets back into the lineup, Asbury should be better, which can only benefit Jim (Cannonball) Butler, a small but elusive halfback who has exceptional speed and good power. And Gros's blocking should keep Nelsen on his feet. In 1966 Steeler passers were dropped 66 times. That is hardly a way to win games.

If it turns out that Nelsen can remain upright long enough to get the ball away, he has competent receivers to catch it. Austin gave up Flanker Gary Ballman in the deal that brought him Gros, but he has a good replacement in J. R. Wilburn, a very fast second-year receiver from South Carolina. Roy Jefferson, a split end in his third year, developed rapidly during 1966, and John Hilton is a strong tight end.

Austin's main problem on offense is his line, which was poor in 1966. To strengthen it, he is counting on trades and rookies. Better is the Steelers' defensive front four of John Baker, Lloyd Voss, Chuck Hinton and Ken Korfus. In its second year as a unit it is quick and should mount a better pass rush than it did in 1966.

Rookie Ray May has put pressure on Bill Saul at linebacker, and Austin considers that the club is better in this department, too. The Steeler linebackers as a unit are not too fast, but they have been effective.

If the front four does put more pressure on the passer, the very good Steeler secondary should come into its own. Clendon Thomas and Jim Bradshaw are excellent safeties, and at the corner spots Brady Keys and Marv Woodson have speed. All of the players in the secondary are experienced, an advantage for any team.

The kicking, with Mike Clark, is excellent. Clark hit on 21 of 32 field-goal attempts last year and had the best percentage in the league from beyond 40 yards, with six of nine.

Lou Groza of Cleveland, who holds all sorts of alltime records, but only three of seven from that far out last year. Entering his 21st season as a pro, he is still better than anybody else the Browns have been able to come up with. This may be an indication of the team's bad luck, which has been rather spectacular so far in 1967. The repercussions from the five-player holdout—Leroy Kelly, John Wooten, John Brown, Mike Howell and Sid Williams were the men—could be damaging. Owner Art Modell sent Williams and Brown away in trades. Kelly, who was second to Gale Sayers in rushing in 1966 when he replaced Jim Brown, is playing out his option. Howell, a fine defensive back, missed much of the valuable training camp time holding out, then had to report to the National Guard for training. Thus, during most of the preseason schedule, the Browns had to use three rookies and Erich Barnes in the secondary defense, instead of being able to let the veterans polish their timing and coordination.

Another blow to the Browns was the knee injury to massive Milt Morin, the second-year tight end who was expected to take over some of the pass-catching duties from Paul Warfield and Gary Collins and to provide strong blocking for the sweeps by Kelly and Ernie Green. He is expected to be out until midseason. His replacement last year was Ralph Smith, who is a good deal smaller than Morin and does not offer as inviting a target.

Ryan, who played quarterback most of last year in pain from a damaged elbow, has recovered well from an off-season operation and appears to be throwing short and long better than ever. He is also releasing the ball more quickly than in the past.

"Frank always set up fast," explains Coach Blanton Collier. "His problem was more mental than physical. He was not prepared to throw immediately. He has changed that and he gets the ball away faster."

Ryan is by a good margin the best quarterback in the division, but his backup man, Dick Shiner, is no replacement for the departed Nimowski. Shiner has been in the NFL for four years, but has played very little. Should Ryan be injured, the team offense would lose much of its impact.

Cleveland's running should be as good this year as it was last, when it was very good indeed. Surprisingly, although many observers think of Cleveland as an old team, it is not. The turnover since 1964, when the Browns defeated the Baltimore Colts for the championship, has been extraordinary. At most, only 19 of

RATING THE CENTURY

CATEGORY	CARDS	BROWNS	STEELERS	GIANTS
Quarterback	4	16	12	8
Linebackers	16	12	8	4
Defensive line	16	8	12	4
Offensive line	12	9	6	3
Secondary	8	4	6	2
Receivers	4	8	6	2
Running backs	3	4	2	1
Kicking game	3	2	4	1
TOTAL	66	63	56	25

the players who performed during 1964 remain with Cleveland now. There may be fewer still by midseason.

Behind Kelly, in his fourth season, and Ernie Green, in his sixth, the Browns have one experienced back, Nick Pietrosante. Two sophomores—Randy Schultz and Charley Harraway—and Cleveland's second draft choice, Notre Dame fullback Larry Congar, round out the strong backfield bench.

The ranks of Cleveland receivers, already minus Morin, were thinned further when Clifton McNeil, a lanky and very fast flanker, broke his arm in preseason play. Walter Roberts, another wide receiver, went to New Orleans in the expansion draft, and now the Browns must depend upon untested rookies should Wartfield or Collins be hurt. If they can hold out until Morin returns later in the season, the Browns should be in good position for a late drive.

The Cleveland offensive line is back intact, and it is a good one. Fred Houghlin, who took over at center when John Morrow was injured in 1966, has settled in and meshes well with the veterans on either side of him. John Wooten and Gene Hackerson comprise one of the better brace of guards in the division, and Dick Schafrahn and Monte Clark are experienced and adept tackles.

Last season, as usual, the Browns gave up yardage in midfield but clamped down when their opponents neared scoring territory. The defense is as it was last year, but there may be some changes if a few rookies come through.

In 1966 the Browns lacked a strong pass rush. Collier may solve this problem by using more blitzes than he has in the past. He has the regular linebackers of 1966 back, with Jim Houston and Johnny Brewer on the outside and Vince Costello or Dale Lindsey over the middle. Lindsey provides a little more speed in the center than does Costello and conceivably could be more useful in a blitzing defense.

The Cleveland secondary, when it is all assembled, is a very effective one. The Browns led the league in interceptions in 1966, with Ross Fichtner and Mike Howell picking off eight passes apiece and the rest of the team accounting for 14 more. Howell will again team with Barnes at corner back and Fichtner with Ernie Kellermann at safety. Fichtner was hurt in training camp, Howell and Kellermann reported to the National Guard for two

weeks' training and Bobby Franklin and Walter Beach, two reserve defensive backs in 1966, have retired. What had seemed a strong position for the Browns may turn out not to be.

It is this iffy business that makes it dangerous to predict that the Browns will be as good as they have been in the past. If Ryan is not hurt, if the receivers are well and happy, if the secondary remains, etc. But those are a lot of ifs.

Snake-bitten St. Louis is so many more ifs. This was the season when the Cardinals, sound in every phase of the game, were ready to win their division and maybe beat the Dallas Cowboys for the Eastern Conference championship. They made a good bid early last season, until Quarterback Johnson had a knee injury and went out for the rest of the year. They made a good bid in 1965, too, until Johnson went out with a shoulder separation. During the two seasons the Cards won 10, lost two and tied one with Johnson well. When he was injured or recuperating, they won three and lost 12.

This year the Cardinals probably will have to do without Johnson and instead play Jim Hart, a youngster two years out of Southern Illinois who has thrown only 11 passes in NFL competition. He should be considered a rookie, and only once in the long history of the NFL has a rookie quarterback taken a team to the championship. The Cardinals claim that Hart might be the man to do it again. They say he is a better passer than Johnson. The season will prove whether they are right or wrong.

The rest of the Cardinal offense is superb. The running backs are numerous and talented, with Prentice Gautt and Willis Crenshaw at fullback and Johnny Roland, the NFL Rookie of the Year in 1966, and Roy Shivers at halfback. Hart will have fast and experienced receivers to throw to in Sonny Randle, Bobby Joe Conrad, Billy Gambrell and Jackie Smith. What is probably the best offensive line in the East will give him plenty of time to find them.

On defense the Cardinals lost starting Linebacker Larry Stallings to the service, but they have an adequate replacement in five-year backup man Dave Meggsey. Jerry Hillebrand, from the New York Giants, joins a linebacking corps that is beginning to show its age.

Abe Woodson has retired from a corner-back post, but the club should still field the best set of defensive backs in the

division, with either Jim Burson or Bobby Williams replacing him. In Larry Wilson and Jerry Stovall, both Pro Bowl selections, the Cardinals have the best set of safeties in the league.

The deep men get good help from a defensive line that was second only to Dallas in pass defense last year. Joe Robb, injured but expected back, Don Brumm, Sam Siles and Chuck Walker give St. Louis not only a quick pass rush but a solid bastion against runs.

All in all, this was the most effective defensive unit in the NFL in 1966, and it may be again in 1967. Last season the Cards were handicapped by poor punting, which often left their opponents in good field position from which to diversify their attacks. Charley Winner, the young St. Louis coach who has done a good job with the club, may relieve Placekicker Jim Bakken of punting duties if Chuck Latourette, a free agent from Rice, continues to kick as well during the season as he did in preseason games.

If Hart can accomplish a miracle and become a full-fledged quarterback in his rookie season, or if Johnson can maintain full efficiency as a commuting quarterback, the Cardinals could win. But the odds are against them.

The odds against the New York Giants are astronomically higher. Allie Sherman, in another winter of discontent for the Giant fans, will hear the dirge "Goodbye, Allie" often, but the collapse of the Giants is not his fault.

It is difficult to decide where to start in listing the deficiencies of the team. A defensive line that was weak to begin with and then all but destroyed by injury is probably the worst in the league. Defensive Tackle Don Davis, who was counted on to occupy one spot, has been operated on for a knee injury and will be out half the year. Sherman, in desperation, assigned one of his thin squad of linebackers to defensive tackle, and Jeff Smith promptly wrecked his knee in a scrimmage. That leaves the Giants about where they were last year, when their defensive line managed to reach the passer only 26 times. That was a depth of ineptitude exceeded only by Minnesota with 25. The failure to mount a good pass rush was one of the big reasons why New York gave up a total of 561 points, a league record.

The linebackers are due for long and hard service. Mike Ciccolilla is in his second season as middle backer, and Bill

continued



Larry Wilson of St. Louis, pros' finest pass interception, stole ball 10 times in 1968.



Swain, one of the outside men, is in his third year after missing all of 1966 because of injury. Larry Vargo, counted on at linebacker, is out for the season. But forget these troubles. There is too much slack in the defensive line for the best linebackers in the world to make up.

The secondary, given reasonable support from the men in front of them, could be good. Given no rush and no linebackers of quality, it is not.

Clarence Childs and Henry Carr, the corner backs, have the speed and the intuition to handle most flankers and split ends, and Freeman White and Spider Lockhart, in a more salubrious climate, might match the St. Louis safeties at interceptions. But they operate under intolerable pressure and give up touchdowns because the receivers have too much time to fake them.

The big change in the New York offense is Fran Tarkenton, the skittery quarterback from Minnesota, for whom the Giants traded lifeblood. With an offensive line as leaky as New York's, it has to be a help to have a quarterback who can run for his life. Tarkenton can do that, but he has a penchant for creating a need for a third-and-40 offense. It is doubtful that Sherman has even a third-and-15 offense. This is unfortunate, because New York has exceptional long receivers in Homer Jones, who is truly fast, and Del Shofner. While Tarkenton wanders about, eluding the charge of defensive linemen and blitzing linebackers, Jones may outrun his range as a passer. Often Tarkenton's alternate receiver will be Aaron Thomas, who is tall enough to outreach most defensive backs and big enough to run over them. His speed will help a lot, too.

When he wants to hard the ball off, Tarkenton will be luckier than Earl Morrall, now Tarkenton's backup quarterback, was last year. Tucker Frederickson, who had a marvelous freshman year, then damaged his knee in his second season, has come back. Running with him will be Bill Tiptott and Allen Jacobs. Other backs are Joe Morrison, who must win an award for versatility if for nothing else, Les Murdock, who will kick placekicks; and Ernie Key, who will run and handle the punting.

Whichever team wins the division will be demolished by the winner of the Capitol Division. The Steelers, for whatever it is worth, should earn that honor.

CONTINUED

AFL: THE WEST



OAKLAND RAIDERS



SAN DIEGO CHARGERS



DENVER BRONCOS



KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

STRONG GET STRONGER

Even the Denver Broncos, pro football's most improved team, will find it hard to win games in this conference, haven for most of the league's stars

By beating Detroit and Minnesota in exhibition games last month, the Denver Broncos indicated what is happening in the Western Division of the American Football League. For years it was automatic to refer to Denver as the worst team in professional football. That is quite obviously no longer true. Now Denver is merely the worst team in the Western Division of the AFL and that is not exactly shameful. With the exception of Buffalo, the best teams in the league are in the West, a division that is getting stronger every year.

The best team of all is Kansas City. Although Oakland has an edge on the Chiefs in defense and San Diego is com-

ing back after a year of floundering, Kansas City will defeat Buffalo again for the AFL championship and another trip to the Super Bowl.

The power in the West is not as clearly stratified as it is in the East, where there is only one really solid team. But of the Chiefs' first seven games this season, two are with Houston, two with Miami and one with Denver. By the time the schedule is half finished, Kansas City should be too far ahead to be caught.

The Chiefs have the finest offense in the AFL. Last year they led the league in rushing, in total offense and in touchdowns passing. Not content with that, Coach Hank Stram has added a trick that

he believes will make his team more efficient. The Chiefs are using an unusual I formation in which the tight end lines up directly behind the quarterback. Before the ball is snapped, the end moves to one side of the line or other, thus establishing the strong side of the formation so quickly that the defense has no chance to adjust. The Chicago Bears found this out in their disastrous 66-24 loss to Kansas City.

continued

Mike Garrett of the Chiefs, a tough, darting runner, ended second in rushing last year, could do better with new I.





A tight end is commonly covered by a strong-side safety who is big enough to grapple him for the ball. The weak-side safety is often smaller and faster, more of a rover, who will pick up a man coming out of the backfield. Until the Kansas City shift is accomplished, the defense has no way of knowing where the end will go and cannot flip-flop its safeties to counter the Chiefs' strength.

"What we want to do most of all," says Stram, "is to create indecision on the part of the other team. When we reduce the defenders' reading and reacting time, we feel we've got an advantage. We also feel we will force them to play a normal defense. They can't overshift, because they don't know what our formation will be. They can't locate the tight end. In effect, we freeze them."

"We can't get away with things in this league as we once could. Every team now has quality defensive personnel—and experience. Once we didn't have to create formations. The other teams didn't recognize them when you threw them at them straight. But now it's different. We're trying to be more sophisticated and present new problems. The nicest thing about this formation is that it's simple. The end either lines up in a familiar position or he stays in the I and blocks with the equivalent of a downfield block."

Coincidentally, the Baltimore Colts' coach, Don Shula, has installed the same type of I formation with his tight end, John Mackey. After the Chiefs' opening exhibition game in Houston, someone asked Stram why he was using the "Shula I." Stram erupted. "This is my formation," he said. "In fact, we started to put it in for the Super Bowl game last January." Perhaps he should have. One thing the new I formation has seemed to do is make Mike Garrett even better. In Stram's language: "Mike is such a cavity runner that the I provides him with free expression. He is able to bleed yardage from it."

As a rookie Garrett finished second in the league in rushing and had an average of 5.5 yards per carry. His early play this season has been at least as good. "He's the best runner in traffic or in trouble that I've ever seen," says Stram. Many ob-

servers thought Garrett was too small ever to become a top professional running back, but he did it. At 5'9" and 195 pounds, he is a tough, quick, waterbug sort of runner and a very good blocker who hits low. His competition, Bert Coan, is tall, moody and frequently injured. A slashing type of runner, Coan often has trouble with his legs. He missed several exhibition games because of a mysterious leg ailment. Last year Coan had a 5.4 rushing average, scored nine touchdowns and caught 18 passes while sharing the running job with Garrett.

The Kansas City fullback, Curtis McCClinton, is an excellent blocker. As an experiment, Stram moved Defensive End Aaron Brown, the Chiefs' No. 1 draft choice in 1965, to fullback. Despite his size, Brown is one of the fastest men on the Kansas City roster. The swing back, Eugene Thomas, has speed and power and can play either of the running-back positions. Stram insists upon balance in his offense, slightly favoring the running game. With the best set of backs in the Western division, Kansas City will be the strongest running team in the AFL again.

Quarterback Len Dawson has thrown 132 touchdown passes in the past five seasons, more than anybody else in either league. He is very accurate either as a drop-back passer or rolling out and throwing from Stram's "moving pocket," and he is a good enough runner to be able to scramble for long yardage. Dawson's backup man, Pete Beathard, is one of the team's better runners and has an exceptionally powerful arm. In Dawson and Beathard, the Chiefs have the finest pair of quarterbacks in the league, with the possible exception of Jack Kemp and Tom Flores at Buffalo. Their targets—Flanker Otis Taylor, Split End Chris Burford and Tight End Fred Arbanas—have proved themselves to be of championship quality. Taylor is a particularly dangerous receiver. In 1966 he caught 38 passes for an average gain per reception of a fantastic 22.4 yards, nearly three yards more than the average of Bob Hayes of Dallas.

The offensive line is about the same as last year's. Center Jon Gillion has returned after an injury to challenge Wayne Frazier at that position. Left Tackle Jim Tyrer and Left Guard Ed Budde are standouts. Curt Merz and Al Reynolds are competing at right guard, so are Dave Hill and Tony Dr. Midco at right tackle. Stram's main concern is on defense—

in line depth, at corner back and at linebacker. Left Defensive Tackle Ed Latham missed the final seven games of last season, as well as the championship and Super Bowl games, because of an injured shoulder. The shoulder has been operated on and seems all right now, but Latham has come up with a bad ankle. His replacement, Andy Rice, is not in Latham's class as a pass rusher. End Jerry Mays and Tackle Buck Buchanan are all-AFL performers. Right End Chuck Hurston was ill and played in the Super Bowl more than 20 pounds underweight, but he has recovered.

Left Linebacker Bobby Bell, one of the quickest in the league, is as good as ever. However, Middle Linebacker Sherrill Hendrick, a nine-year veteran, may have slowed up a bit, and Right Linebacker E. J. Holub, victim of chronic knee trouble, does not get around as well as he once did. Two of Stram's best rookies—245-pound Willie Lamer from Morgan State and 235-pound Jim Lynch, Maxwell Trophy winner from Notre Dame—are pressing Hendrick. Corner Backs Fred Williamson and Willie Mitchell were somewhat less than brilliant against Green Bay receivers in the Super Bowl. Mitchell got most of the criticism, which Stram says he does not deserve. "There were a number of factors involved," says Stram, "including Bart Starr. Nobody stops Bart Starr from completing passes." Williamson won't stop anybody for a while; he is out with a broken arm and will miss several regular-season games. Fletcher Smith and Emmitt Thomas could wind up as the Kansas City corner backs. Fortunately for Stram, there is no worry at safety, where Johnny Robinson and Bobby Hunt handle the patrolling.

Nor is there a problem with kicking. Last season when Tommy Brooker faltered, the Chiefs were lucky enough to get Mike Mercer from Buffalo on a lend-lease deal. Mercer kicked 21 of 30 field goals and was reclaimed by Buffalo after the Super Bowl. Now the Chiefs have a rookie named Jan Stenerud, a Norwegian who went to Montana State on a skiing scholarship. A baseball coach saw Stenerud bashing a football around the campus. After he was persuaded to join the football team, Stenerud kicked a 59-yard field goal in a game. He consistently drives his kickoffs into the end zone. "That takes a lot of pressure off our defense," says Stram. "If the circumstances

continued

Clem Daniels of Oakland, as dangerous catching passes as he is rushing, ranks second as all-time AFL runner.

call for it, I wouldn't hesitate to have him kick any time we have the ball from the 50-yard line on in." That means Stram would let Stenerud try a field goal from his own 43-yard line, but he has the leg for it. The punter is Ferrel Wilson, with an average of 44.2, highest in the AFL.

Stram says last year his team's theme was "maturity and leadership." This year it is "poise, confidence and attitude." That the Chiefs' attitude is spirited was proved in the exhibition opener in Houston when Kansas City and the Oilers engaged in one of the wildest on-field brawls in football history. Houston Tackle Willie Parker jumped off side and hit Beathard. Garrett promptly slugged Parker. Both benches emptied and the two teams collided in what looked like an infantry charge. There were fights all over the field, but there were also spots of humor. "I pulled at the shoulder pads of a guy in a blue jersey," said Jon Gillman, "and then I looked up and saw it was Ernie Ladd. So I said, 'What do you say we go break this up, Ernie?'" That is a nice example of poise. If the Chiefs keep it, they should be able to stand off the charge of Oakland.

The Raiders are a club with everything but a quarterback. They traded their regular, Tom Flores, to Buffalo along with their best receiver, Art Powell, who was unhappy in Oakland. In return, they got Receiver Glenn Bass and Buffalo's backup quarterback, Daryle Lamonea, whose duties in relief of Jack Kemp had become less and less demanding. But Coach John Rauch, who faces the prospect of winning the title or getting fired, was not satisfied with Lamonea. Rauch brought in enough quarterbacks to fill an extra bus. When the early scrimmaging was over, Lamonea was the starter, despite having to learn an offensive system that is drastically different from the one he knew at Buffalo. But, lo, out of the mob appeared elderly George Blanda, who had been released by Houston and signed by Oakland as a field-goal kicker. Blanda played a bit in exhibition games and some are predicting he will be the Oakland quarterback before the season is over. Cotton Davidson, another venerable fellow, who has some very hot days, is still around and is the only quarterback thoroughly familiar with the way the quiet man, Rauch, does things, which is about the same way former Coach Al Davis, now an owner, did things. It is conceivable that Davis could become the

Oakland coach again in midseason if the team is not doing well.

The Raiders have a fine young offensive line held together by that fine old center, Jim Otto. In the Oakland style, a great number of passes are aimed at the tight end, and Oakland has good ones, best known of whom is former Running Back Billy Cannon. Lionel Taylor, traded by Denver, will probably play split end ahead of Pervis Atkins. Rauch's lone concern at flanker is which ones to keep. At one period he had Bill Miller, Fred Biletnikoff, Glenn Bass and Rod Sherman all in the same position. Clem Daniels, a perennial holdout, has signed his contract and will be the running back ahead of the very talented Larry Todd.

Defense, though, is the Oakland specialty. The line—featuring the huge, mustached end, Ben Davidson—is tough to run on and has a thundering pass rush. The linebackers are young and mobile. The defensive backs are the best in the AFL, particularly Corner Backs Dave Grayson and Kent McCloughan. Several Kansas City survivors of the Super Bowl admitted they were, of course, quite impressed with Green Bay. "But I would have to say," Beathard says, "that the Oakland corner backs are every bit as good as Green Bay's and maybe better."

The lack of a quarterback experienced in the Oakland system is the only thing that will keep the Raiders out of the AFL championship. That fault should be corrected within a year or two.

The San Diego Chargers, meanwhile, have been busy correcting faults of their own, primarily on defense. When Ernie

Ladd and Earl Faison departed the Chargers after the 1965 season, the talk in San Diego was that the team would have a smaller, quicker, more fluid defense. It was so fluid that people waded right through the Chargers. For this season, Sid Gillman traded for Scott Appleton, Tom Day and Johnny Baker—all experienced, all defensive hands—and is counting on several rookies, including his No. 1 draft choice from Wyoming, Defensive End Ron Billingsly, 6' 8" and 265 pounds. "This will be our best defensive team in years," Gillman says. That could be a significant statement since Gillman once won championships with his defense. The linebackers, Rick Redman, Chuck Allen, Frank Buncum and the injury-plagued Baker, are excellent and all thoroughly tested. The defensive backs are good, but there are not enough of them, as the Chargers found out in their terrible rout by the Rams. Kenney Graham and Speedy Duncan are first-rate, but the Chargers will miss Miller Farr, who went to Houston for Appleton and Baker.

The offensive line is experienced although lacking in depth. Center Sam Gronheim, Tackles Ron Mix and Ernie Wright, Guard Walt Sweeney and Tight Ends Jacques MacKinnon and Willie Frazier can recall the days when the Chargers could count on championship checks to spend, although Frazier was in Houston at the time. One guard position is undecided, with Gary Kerner and Ed Mitchell struggling for the job.

Gillman finally made up his mind about Quarterback Steve Tensi. He trad-

RATING THE WEST

CATEGORY	CHIEFS	RAIDERS	CHARGERS	BRONCOS
Quarterback	16	12	8	4
Linebackers	12	16	8	4
Defensive line	12	16	8	4
Offensive line	12	9	6	3
Secondary	6	8	4	2
Receivers	6	4	8	2
Running backs	4	3	2	1
Kicking game	4	3	1	2
TOTAL	72	71	45	22

ed him to Denver. Tensi spent last season as understudy to John Hadl, who has had a strange career in San Diego. Hadl, a hard worker, has been tutored intensively by Gillman, has had some fine years and has won championships, but nearly every season his position has been in question. With Tensi gone, it is in question no further. The backup man is Kay Stephenson, who was one of Steve Spurrier's substitutes at Florida. Gillman will shop around for more help. A Hadl injury would ruin the offense.

As long as Hadl is well, he has the Western Division's best group of receivers to catch his passes. Frazier has superior speed for a tight end. The split end, Gary Garrison, has been called another Lance Alworth, which is supreme praise. The flanker is Alworth himself, a remarkable athlete. The runners are superb, too, with Gene Foster at fullback and Paul Lowe, 30 years old but apparently in the best condition of his career, at halfback. In the off-season Gillman traded Fullback Keith Lincoln to Buffalo for Defensive End Tom Day. Some of the players privately applauded that move, saying jealousy between Lincoln and Lowe was not doing the team much good.

It is no secret that jealousies and cliques have caused considerable friction among the Chargers in the past, just as such frailties have bothered other teams. One of the things Gillman is trying in order to keep his athletes happy is an investment counseling plan. Three San Diego businessmen—Attorney Norman Seltzer, City Councilman Ivor de Kirby and Insurance Broker Paul Carter—have formed a committee to advise the Chargers what to do with their money.

"I'm a specialist in football," says Gillman, "and I need professional help in advising the ballplayers about their investments. We invite the athletes to come in with their ideas. The committee will analyze them. If the investment idea is good, we'll back them to the hilt."

Charger ownership has helped Alworth obtain financing for an apartment project in Little Rock. Lowe buy a liquor store. Max invest in mutual funds and Wright get co-signers on a land deal. "I suppose it's perfectly natural that some young people don't think much about security," Gillman says. "But pro football players have special problems. They must think in terms of retiring at 35, not 65. Starting a new career at 35 can be a shock." A unique feature of the program

is that Gene Klein and Sam Schulman, the Chargers' managing owners, guarantee the investments against loss. If there is a loss, it is absorbed by Klein and Schulman, who are executives of a theater chain.

Gillman feels the Chargers are definitely on their way back. "This could be our best club in years," he says. "This is a sounder and deeper team than it was last year. If we play to our potential and avoid injury we could win it all."

That idea has not entered the head of Lou Saban, the new general manager and head coach at Denver. At least, not for this year. But Saban hopes to win it eventually, and he has plenty of time to try—his contract is for 10 years at a reported \$50,000 per year. Saban quit suddenly at Buffalo after winning the AFL championship in 1965, explaining that there was nothing left up there for him to conquer. After one year as a college coach at Maryland, he went to Denver, where there is plenty to conquer. Saban immediately tore down the entire organization, which certainly needed it, and began building it up again. "Your main goal is to instill the winning habit as soon as possible," he said. "Bronco fans have been patient, but patience is a bad word."

Saban moved the club's office outside the city limits of Denver, built a new practice field and a field house and began overhauling his squad. Corner Back Willie Brown and Quarterback Mickey Slaughter were traded to Oakland, Defensive Tackle Ray Jacobs was shipped to Miami, Offensive Tackle Eldon Darnenhauer and Offensive Guard Bob McCullough retired. Running Back Abner Haynes, Linebacker Jerry Hopkins and Defensive End Danny LaRose were traded to Miami for Cookie Gilchrist and Guard Ernie Park. Safety Goose Gossoon was put on waivers the first day of training. Lionel Taylor was traded to Oakland along with Guard Jerry Sturm.

And so it went. Saban changed the team's uniforms. He guided Denver to the best draft in its history and then signed 18 of the 19 draftees (the only one who didn't sign chose medical school instead of pro football). Five Bronco rookies were on the College All-Star team. Name college players like Floyd Little, Pete Duranko, Tom Beer, George Goeddeke and Neal Sweeney found themselves in Denver's new orange jerseys. Veteran Tight End Al Denson was moved to flanker. Tensi came in for a try at quarter-

back and with only four days to learn Denver plays led the team to its win over the Vikings. Suddenly there was competition at every position. Even Cookie Gilchrist may get replaced at fullback by Wendell Hayes. Gilchrist, incidentally, had signed a contract at Miami that would expire midway in the current season. "I told him if he wanted to play for Denver, he'd have to sign a new one for the entire season. He did it," says Saban.

Saban and Gilchrist became intimately acquainted in Buffalo, where Cookie once refused to enter a game late in the second quarter and found himself suspended from the squad. After a few days of sulking, Gilchrist apologized to his teammates and was allowed to return. The next season Saban traded Gilchrist to Denver. Cookie then was swapped to Miami. Despite previous disagreements, Saban decided Gilchrist's pass blocking and power running would be a great help in transforming the young Broncos into a successful team.

The result of all this showed up early when the Broncos outplayed and soundly defeated the Detroit Lions, who had figured they would win the game by 40 points. Detroit Tackle Alex Karras, thoroughly frustrated, was thrown off the field for kicking Gilchrist. Denver fans, sitting in an expanded stadium which is also part of the Saban renovation, were as stunned as the Lions by the defensive ability the Broncos showed. Two weeks later the Vikings arrived in Denver after shutting out Philadelphia 34-0. Against the Broncos, Minnesota could not score a touchdown. But Gilchrist and Little both did.

"Our strong points," says Saban, "are our defensive line, receivers and youth. On the minus side, we see some weaknesses in the offensive line and the lack of experience. Our rookies will have to grow up quickly. Men like Little, who has the potential of a Garrett or a Gale Sayers, and Duranko will have to step in and help us right away. We need a big man at quarterback to carry us. Maybe Tensi is the one. But this is a very stimulating challenge, and we're going to have a winner."

That will take Saban a while longer to accomplish in the Western Division, where most of the AFL power lies. As Gillman said, "If we lose, it means the others have improved more than we have." Improvement is precisely what is happening in the West.

CONTINUED

AFL: THE EAST



HOUSTON OILERS



BUFFALO BILLS



BOSTON PATRIOTS



NEW YORK JETS



MIAMI DOLPHINS

THE REST PAY THE BILLS

Strengthened by trades and superior to the other teams in every phase of offense and defense, Buffalo should run away with the division title

The big difference in the Eastern Division of the AFL this season is that the Buffalo Bills should be a better club than they have been for the past few years. That is not the sort of news that will cause much pleasure among the four other Eastern teams who have had to scramble about in the debris the Bills left while passing them up. Buffalo won AFL championships in 1964 and 1965 and the Eastern title in 1966 with a club that was carried by its defense. This season the Bills ought to have a superior offense as well, and there is no Eastern challenger in sight.

Buffalo's defense is still good. After winning by two points in an exhibition

game in which Buffalo had a long touchdown pass called back, Detroit Coach Joe Schmidt, one of the finest middle linebackers the NFL ever produced, discussed his admiration for the way the Bills played defense. "Their defensive line and linebackers work together as smoothly as any NFL team I have seen," said Schmidt.

But it is the possibility of finally coming up with a dangerous offense that is causing the most excitement in Buffalo and the most gloom in Boston, New York, Houston and Miami.

The Bills leaped into the trading market after losing the championship to Kansas City last season. Defensive End

Tom Day, backup Quarterback Daryle Lamonica, Split End Glenn Bass and Defensive Tackle Dave Costa—all quality players—were peddled away. In return, Buffalo got Quarterback Tom Flores and Split End Art Powell from Oakland, Running Back Keith Lincoln from San Diego and Kicker Mike Mercer, who was involved in a complicated deal with Kansas City. Those four have the ability to help bring the offense up to the defense,

continued

Bobby Burnett of Buffalo, with fine outside speed, was Rookie of the Year in '68 and AFL's fourth leading rusher.





which is at a level no other Eastern club has been able to reach.

Buffalo's weak point is its injuries list. Split End Bobby Crockett, a regular as a rookie last season, is lost for the year because of torn ligaments in his left knee. Offensive Guard Billy Shaw, the team captain, is out for half the season with torn ligaments in his right knee. Out, too, is Offensive Tackle Dick Hudson. Running Back Bobby Burnett, AFL Rookie of the Year in 1966, was limping during the training season from a hip bruise. Tight End Charley Ferguson has had a sprained ankle. But Powell can replace Crockett and Lincoln can replace Burnett. Only the absence of Shaw and Hudson from the offensive line will hinder the Bills much—unless, of course, other injuries occur.

To adjust for his losses in the line, Coach Joe Collier, at 35 the youngest head coach in the league, has moved Stew Barber from left tackle to left guard and has put a rookie, Dick Cunningham of Arkansas, at left tackle. In exhibition games the Buffalo running attack was sloppy. As Cunningham progresses, so will the Bills' running backs.

The passing should be distinctly improved. Buffalo has never had a receiver as consistently brilliant as Powell, who has been trying for years to get himself traded closer to his home in Toronto. The presence of Powell will take much of the attention off the other wide receiver, Elbert Dubenion, who has fine speed but has been upset by a fairly steady menu of double coverage.

Quarterback Jack Kemp, one of the league's smarter operators, was handicapped last season by tennis elbow in his throwing arm. His arm apparently has healed, but Kemp was not very sharp in the early exhibitions. Flores, however, came in to throw three touchdown passes, including the one that was called back, against Detroit and started the following game against Boston. Flores is a very accurate drop-back pocket-style passer who is reluctant to run with the ball. Kemp has a more powerful arm, when it is well, and does not hesitate to scramble. Between the two, Collier ought to be able to find one who can

get the Bills' offense going any given day.

Lincoln, who frequently has been hurt and has not had a really good year since 1964, is returning to the scene of his most spectacular injury. In the championship game of 1964 at Buffalo's War Memorial Stadium, Lincoln had just caught a swing pass when he was interrupted by Linebacker Mike Stratton, who smashed a couple of Lincoln's ribs. When he is well, Lincoln is an outstanding runner and good receiver. At San Diego he was forced to play fullback, a position he never preferred. At Buffalo he will go in both at fullback and at running back, occasionally teaming with Fullback Wray Carlton, a fine pass blocker and short-yardage runner, in a power backfield. With Lincoln at fullback and Burnett, when he fully heals, at running back, the Bills have a pair with the speed to go outside.

Defensively, there has been one change. Remo Prudhomme, a swing man last year, has moved in at end in place of the departed Tom Day. The rest of the line is its old stubborn self. Tackles Tom Sestak and Jim Dunaway are two of the best in the AFL. Marty Schottenheimer is pushing Art Jacobs for one linebacking job, and Charley King and Booker Edgerson are pressing Art Janik and Butch Byrd at the corners. Otherwise, this is the same Buffalo defense that has won championships.

The rookies who are expected to help the Bills are Tackles Dick Cunningham and Gary Bugenhagen of Syracuse. Guard Jim Lemoine of Utah State and Flanker John Pitts of Arizona State. Lemoine is trying to make the switch from tight end and Pits, with some difficulty, from defensive back. Cunningham is the most polished of the rookies and has excellent balance. He has, of course, been getting a cram course in pass blocking techniques.

Buffalo's kicking should be tops in the East, with Paul Maguire to do the punting and Mercer, who apparently has recovered completely from a pulled muscle, as the field-goal kicker. Mercer scored 98 points kicking last season for the champion Chiefs.

Although the Bills ought to run off with the Eastern championship, they got quite an argument about it last year from the Boston Patriots, who were in the race until the final weeks. If the Bills are to have trouble with anyone this season, it again will be with Boston.

Boston Coach Mike Holovak is noted for getting good results from ordinary material and outstanding results from his above-average players. His primary offensive weapons are the running of Fullback Jim Nance, the passing of Quarterback Babe Parilli and the kicking of Geno Cappelletti. Nance set an AFL rushing record in 1966 and intends to repeat. "I want to weigh 230 by the opening day this year because I plan to go outside a lot more," says Nance. "Once a man starts thinking jinx, he starts believing it. So I'm thinking I'm going to have another good year, and that's all there is to it."

Nance will have to do well again to pull Boston into another second-place finish, as will Parilli. For the last two years observers have been predicting that the 37-year-old Parilli would succumb to age, and he has in fact showed signs of it. But the Pats have no adequate back-up quarterback unless John Huarte should suddenly blossom. Holovak admits he would like to trade for another quarterback, but adds hastily that this has nothing to do with charges that Parilli visited a gamblers' hangout. He and the club have complete faith in Parilli's honesty.

The pass receivers lack speed, except for Art Graham. Boston also is weak at running back, where Holovak has been experimenting with former Navy All-American Joe Bellino. The trouble with Bellino is he is too small to block for Nance on sweeps. But Boston's offensive line is second only to Buffalo's in the East. If it can keep opening spaces for Nance to run 20 to 30 times per game and if it can keep Parilli intact, the Patriots will score.

Linebacker Nick Buoniconti, who has been ailing, Larry Eisenhauer and Bob Doe and Tackle Houston Antwine are the core of a good defense that is built around the blitz. The problem will be in the secondary. Boston's No. 1 draft choice was Purdue's John Charles, who did well in exhibition games but is a rookie nevertheless. So is Leroy Mitchell, who could become a defensive starter.

Defense is Holovak's specialty, but he was disenchanted with his own after the Patriots were beaten by Baltimore in an exhibition. "We're still behind the NFL in this one respect," he said. "It will be a while before we catch up."

Holovak, though, scarcely ever wins an exhibition. The Pats start playing

continued

Jim Nance of Boston, smashing into tough K.C. line, was Player of the Year and league's top rusher in 1966.

when the season begins. They lost their first exhibition this year 55-13 to New York and prompted Jet fans to talk about this being New York's big year. But Jet followers usually carry on this way early in the season and get steadily quieter as January approaches. This year most likely will be no exception. After that first Boston game, the Jets were soundly beaten by Kansas City and Philadelphia. Worse yet, they played very poorly in both games. The presence or absence of their one-and-a-half-legged quarterback, Joe Namath, didn't seem to make much difference.

Namath is starting his third season as a professional and has yet to become the superstar that he was expected to be and might have been were it not for a crippling knee injury. With his weak knee, Namath has a hard time setting up solidly to pass from the pocket, and of course it is out of the question for him to scramble. He does release the ball very quickly, and he does have a superstar's arm. Last year he threw for 3,379 yards and hit 19 touchdown passes. But he also led the league in interceptions with 27, twice throwing five interceptions in a single game. In one other game, however, he threw for five touchdowns and three times he passed for more than 300 yards. For the Jets to finish higher than third, Namath must be much more consistent. His replacement, Mike Taliaferro, is injured and possibly out for the year. Jim Turner is filling in until help comes.

One of the keys to the New York offense is Fullback Matt Snell. At 220 pounds, Snell is a complete fullback with power inside and the speed to run the sweeps. He has led the Jets in rushing for three years. Running at half back is Emerson Boozer, a second-year man who had some exciting afternoons as a rookie. Boozer is the fast, darting type who needs to improve his blocking on runs and pass protection.

The Jets have a good group of receivers. The two best are Split End George Sauer and Tight End Pete Lammons, who were teammates on the University of Texas team that beat Namath and Alabama in the 1965 Orange Bowl. Lammons has been an especially pleasant surprise for Jet Coach Weeb Ewbank. As a rookie he caught 41 passes for 565 yards, most of any tight end in the AFL. The other wide receiver, Don Maynard from Texas Western, has better moves and speed than hands.

To protect Namath, Ewbank put together an offensive line that is larger than some of the defensive lines it faces. Tackles Sherman Plunkett and Winston Hill, for example, weigh 300 and 275. With Namath unable to maneuver, the idea is to build a fence of flesh around him and hope the blitzers bounce off. "We have given up the notion of blitzing the Jets," says one AFL coach. "Those guys are so big you've got to run around them, and by the time you get there the ball is gone." The Jets, though, were blitzed thoroughly by the Eagles and it could be that they will see the blitz more often during the next few months. One solid blow on Namath's knee would make the Jets less than a third-place club.

The defensive line, despite the presence of two potentially superb ends, Verlon Buggs and Gerry Philbin, has never been one of New York's areas of strength. To complicate the situation, Buggs reported to camp vastly overweight and has been moving like a fat man. The linebacking has improved. The secondary is good enough. The corners are Cornell Gordon, who was bothered by a shoulder injury last season, and Johnny Sample, the hot-natured NFL veteran who has few peers at man-to-man coverage. He has shut out some of the best receivers in both leagues on days when he felt personally affronted.

The kicking game is good. So, persist the rumors, is the Jets' oral kicking in their locker room. Several important squad members do not entirely agree with Ewbank's method, and Owner Sonny Werblin is a constant offender of ad-

vice through the daily newspapers. Ewbank has had three 5-8-1 years at New York and last season was 6-6-2. There seems to be little chance of beating that record in 1967, and that could put Ewbank into more of a jam than his contract can cope with.

The team that should come on in the last half of the season to compete with the Jets for third place is Houston, which had one of the better drafts in either league last winter. The Oilers are in the midst of a general rebuilding program. General Manager Don Klosterman and Coach Wally Lemm inherited a club that had gone stagnant after winning championships in the AFL's formative years. Early last season it appeared Houston's defense would be tremendously improved by the presence of Tackle Ernie Ladd, and there were hopes that the new regime could promptly cure the clique-ridden Oilers of their family bickering.

But that was not to be. The Oilers won their first two games by big scores and then folded up like a card table. The defense was awful. The feuds kept up. By midseason there were rumors of unsporting activities on the part of the Oilers, and a few of the larger bookies refused to accept bets on any Oiler game. Nothing was ever proved. The rumors, which have not yet died, had an effect on the team.

Lemm had little control. Some of the players were clock watchers, showing up for practice and going through their duties perfunctorily. When workouts were over, the players vanished into Houston's urban sprawl. There was no

RATING THE EAST

CATEGORY	BILLS	PATS	JETS	OILERS	DOLPHINS
Quarterback	16	8	12	4	0
Linebackers	16	12	8	4	0
Defensive line	16	12	4	8	0
Offensive line	12	9	6	3	0
Secondary	8	4	6	0	2
Receivers	8	0	6	4	2
Running backs	4	1	3	2	0
Kicking game	4	2	3	0	1
TOTAL	84	48	48	25	5

unity. "There are good players on this club," Lemm said while the Oilers were sliding to a 3-11 record. "But to improve we've got to change the attitude and develop a singleness of purpose."

The Oilers gave up 35 touchdowns passing in 1966, which pointed out very clearly that they needed an overhaul of the secondary and the pass rush. The offensive line needed depth. Quarterback George Blanda, a clique leader, was put on waivers when the season ended. Let go, too, was flanker Charlie Hertrig, once envied by other receivers as having the finest moves in the league. In the draft Houston went first for George Webster, the big linebacker from Michigan State, who replaces Outside Linebacker Johnny Baker, traded to San Diego. Notre Dame's Tom Regner and Nebraska's huge Carl Stuhldre were drafted to help the offensive line. Four fast rookie backs were drafted for the secondary. They and Miller Farr, who came in a trade from San Diego, will make Houston's pass defense much tighter, although it will be near the end of the season before the improvement will be noticeable.

In an effort to create unity, the Oilers moved their training camp away from an expensive triangle of real estate in Houston, with a view of both the Astrodome, where the Oilers would like to play, and Rice Stadium, where they do play. The new camp was at a small junior college named The Schreiner Institute in Kerrville, Texas, deep in the Hill Country, a short drive from the L. B.J. Ranch. Lemm installed an 11 p.m. curfew and a 75-mile travel restriction. Unable to go to Houston, and with San Antonio and Austin also out of bounds, the players stayed around camp and, they say, began to develop the attitude Lemm wants. They contend their wild fight in Rice Stadium with the Kansas City Chiefs last month was evidence of team closeness. Defensive Tackle Willie Parker, who started the ruckus, got a standing ovation from the home crowd, first for an Oilers in recent memory.

But unity or no, the Oilers remain stuck with a problem that has haunted them for years—do they have a quarterback? Jack Lee of Cincinnati and Don Trull of Baylor came along as the heirs to Blanda's job, but neither was able to take it until the final half of last season when Trull became the regular. Trull was oddly ineffective in the early exhibitions this year. Against the Chiefs he could not

seem to bring himself to throw the ball and was dropped for several losses. Against the Raiders he couldn't hit his receivers. "I'm not worried. I'll work it out," Trull says.

Lemm played his rookies extensively during exhibition games. "We want to win," he said, "but these rookies must get experience." The blocking of the offensive line began to look brighter at once. Running Back Sid Blanks, who rushed for 756 yards as a rookie but was ineffective the last two seasons because of injuries, looks as if he has found himself again. He is being pushed by rookie Woodie Campbell from Northwestern. Fullback Hoyle Granger is a tough, bullish runner who is still learning his position. Little Ode Burrell, Houston's best running back for two years, has been moved to flanker to take advantage of his speed and hands. Lemm believes he will be outstanding when he is removed from the heavy pounding a running back must take. Charley Frazier, split end, is regarded by Lemm as one of the best receivers in pro football. Lawrence Elkins, who was supposed to be that good, is playing behind Burrell.

Garland Boyette, Ladd's uncle and a former Pan-American Games decathlon performer, has moved in at middle linebacker. Webster has looked as if he will be everything the Oilers hope for. The defensive line suffered when End Gary Cutsinger went out for the season with a pinched nerve in his back. Lemm transferred Pat Holmes, 6' 5" and 270 pounds, from right tackle to Cutsinger's left defensive end position and has been working rookie Willie Jones and 270-pound sophomore George Allen at ends also. Ladd, who has trimmed down to 290 and claims the Oilers' new attitude is contagious, is the left tackle.

This is the fastest Oilers team ever. "All these cats need," says Webster, "is to get the taste of winning." Two of their last four games are with Oakland and San Diego and will have an important bearing on the Western Division championship. The other two are with Miami, the team Houston must beat to stay off the bottom of the Eastern Division.

The Dolphins, according to their coach, George Wilson, are "100% improved over last season." The reasons, says Wilson, are a better relationship between coaches and players, much better running, better quarterbacking, better linebacking and the presence of excellent re-

ceivers. Joe Auer was the only steady running back a year ago. Now Sam Price at fullback and Ahner Haynes, alternating with Auer, have added explosiveness. Haynes has been running like the old Abner, a former AFL Player of the Year. Wilson traded his son, George Jr., and has settled on John Stofa at quarterback. Stofa played only one game last year after roaming around minor league football for three seasons, but in that one he threw four touchdown passes against Houston. He is poised, intelligent and a good deep passer. Rookie Bob Graese and Rick Norton back him up. Norton, the \$300,000 bonus boy who last year had a leg injury, stomach troubles and two broken jaws, was given another chance, while Jon Brittenium was traded.

The Dolphins have added John Bramlett and Jerry Hopkins, linebackers from Denver, to a crew that includes young Frank Emanuel, a future star. The receivers are Howard Twilley, a sensation in camp, Frank Jackson, Karl Noonan, Doug Moteau, Dave Kocourek and rookie Jack Clancy. Billy Neighbors is back at one guard, but a rookie free agent, Freddie Woodson of Florida A&M, will be forced to occupy the other guard. The Dolphins have moved tight Maxie Williams to tackle to replace Alphonse Dotson. He will team with a good young lineman, Norman Evans, but Miami is very short on replacements.

Defensively the Dolphins are improved. End Mel Branch had one of his best exhibition seasons. Ed Cooke is at the other end and Ray Jacobs is the soundest of the tackles. There is concern over the secondary. Free Safety Willie West, out until November with a shoulder separation, will be replaced by Ross O'Hankey, who was All-AFL in 1960 but lacks speed. Second-year man Bob Neff is the strong safety if he can beat out rookie Tom Beer. The corner backs, Jim Warren and Dick Westmoreland, who came from San Diego in the player pool, are first rate. "We have a long way to go at some positions, but there's no comparison between our outlook now and a year ago," says Wilson. "At least we know what we're doing and who we're doing it with. Last year we were just feeling our way."

The four lesser clubs in the Eastern Division are drawing closer together in ability and should be very close in win-loss records. But they will be far behind the Buffalo Bills.

END

PEOPLE

New York's Mayor **John Lindsay** walks, bicycles, boxes and plays tennis, baseball and football with his comments, all with a considerable degree of at least political success. Last week another politician who tried to go the Lindsay route did not make it. Milwaukee's Mayor **Henry W. Maier** toured the city's poorer neighborhoods and joined in a basketball game (below). A few days later his office was invaded and ripped to shreds by demonstrators who seemed to feel that his efforts at civic improvement were about as effective as his basketball technique.

With thoroughly mixed feelings, Groundkeeper George Toma heard recently that **Billy Graham** was going to conduct a crusade in Kansas City's Municipal Stadium, and an agronomist he consulted confirmed his worst fears. A Billy Graham crusade could cause more damage to the grass than a rodeo. "I realize that a crusade is important to the religious elements of this town," Toma said carefully, torn between the temporal and the spiritual, "but it certainly would not look nice on color TV if a lot of grass was killed right near the center of the

field." Well, last week the crusade got under way. Graham spoke from behind second base with wooden walkways leading from the stands and when some 850 people surged toward him on the first night he advised them to stay off the grass. Some listeners claim there was a caustic note in the evangelist's voice, but the people heeded him and 850 souls and George Toma's grass were saved in Kansas City that night.

In 1946 **Billy Talbert** and **Gardnar Mulloy** retired the National Doubles Cup. In 1965 they retired the Seniors Doubles Cup. Last week a visitor at Talbert's apartment in New York City observed that the trophies, planted with philodendron and ivy, respectively, sat at either end of the mantelpiece. Since Talbert and Mulloy took the Seniors again last month, they need only two more wins to retire a third cup. What to plant in it? Some of their younger competitors favor poison ivy.

That other whizkid politician, Senator **Robert Kennedy**, was at it again over the Labor Day weekend. On a visit to Port Clyde, Me., Kennedy engaged in a touch football game. John Glenn, the astronaut, threw him a long pass. Kennedy went back, fell into a rosebush and landed near the edge of Route 131 where he was angrily informed by a motorist that he could get killed that way. He made the touchdown, though.

A sizable crowd of people gathered at the boxing ring set up in a Philadelphia street last week even before anyone knew what was going on, and as it turned out they hit a jackpot. TV's **Mike Douglas** had arranged for his show's co-host, Actor **Ryan O'Neal** of *Peyton Place*, to receive an on-camera boxing lesson from Mystery Guest **Joe Frazier**. Frazier alone would have been enough for a Philadelphia crowd, but Douglas had



an additional surprise for them. **Floyd Patterson** was flying in to referee. And Douglas' production assistants had an additional surprise for Douglas. **Muhammad Ali** was dropping by to announce. What with Douglas himself not knowing about Muhammad Ali, and Ali not knowing about Patterson, a little genuine confusion was added to Douglas' mystery-guest bit. "Actually, we were very nervous about the whole thing," confessed the show's production coordinator. "But they all got along very nicely."

Pilot and Hydroplane Racer **Mira Slovak** found a girl friend who shared his interests in Actress **Susan Oliver**. But now doubts have arisen. The slender blonde is about to take off on a solo flight to Europe and Moscow via the Arctic Circle. "The Aero-Commander 200 is a single-engine plane," Susansays, "which doesn't make this a game. This is not a publicity stunt. It is quite a risk and you have to be well trained." Slovak has been helping out. "He puts a hood on me, takes me up in the plane, then tells me that I am lost. I take the hood off and have to find my way back." The fact is, Slovak is not sure she is

ready. "I tried to keep her here for two more weeks," he says, "but she did not take my advice." There is one other point upon which Susan and Slovak do not quite see eye to eye. She has been studying Russian in addition to aerodynamics, and Moscow is to be the high point of her trip. Slovak, a man who was so desperate to get out of Communist Czechoslovakia that he hijacked a loaded passenger liner to escape, says only of her enthusiasm, "I do not see why she wants to go."

Actor **Chuck Connors** (above) is filming a new TV series, *Cowboy in Africa* (he is shooting it in California), and it was all his own idea to clamber down a rope ladder from a helicopter to jump a man on horseback. Connors managed his part of this maneuver all right. He climbed out of the helicopter and down the ladder, but then the pilot, instead of lowering him into pouncing position, made a small mistake. The copter shot upward to about 100 feet. Connors hung on grimly until he was returned to the ground, but he was obviously annoyed. Even an adventurous passenger expects his pilot to know which way is up.



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Setting up the race of the decade—maybe

After some false starts it looks as if the three big horses—Buckpasser, Dr. Fager and Demascus—will meet in the Woodward. With the 2-year-olds also shaping up, the tail end of the season should be the best

Because of the immense amount of publicity surrounding the Triple Crown events, it has become the custom to consider the spring of the year as the climax of the Thoroughbred season. And occasionally these heralded 3-year-old classics do turn up definitive results, settling the divisional championship and sometimes even the matter of which runner will wind up as Horse of the Year. But 1967 is not an ordinary racing year. There is every reason to believe that starting next week, and continuing until the snow settles over Aqueduct's frozen December crowds, much of the season's best racing will take place.

First off, there is still no Horse of the Year. Second, the new crop of 2-year-olds is just falling into some sort of perspective. And the competition ahead in almost every division should make the next two months in New York, New Jersey and Maryland exciting indeed. The shape of things to come became evident during the last two weeks, which if not racing's major fortnight of 1967, certainly was its richest. On Sept. 2, Dr. Fager, the colt many believe is the best 3-year-old in America, won the \$265,900 New Hampshire Sweepstakes at Rockingham Park. Forty-eight hours later Demascus, the colt even more people rate the best, won the \$106,800 Aqueduct. And five days later in Chicago the \$371,750 Arlington-Washington Futurity attracted so many entries—18 in all—that the event was run in two divisions. Each winner, Millard Waldheim's T.V. Commercial and Ogden Phipps's Vitrolite, took home \$105,875. (Out beyond the Thoroughbred range, they ran off a little number at Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, on Labor Day called the All American Quarter Horse Futurity. The world's richest race for anything that moves, it had a gross value

of \$486,600, and Floyd Jones's Laico Bird romped off with first money of \$228,300 for having covered all of 400 yards in 20.11 seconds).

Discounting the money involved, the racing was first class and indicated that some of it will be superlative in another few weeks. At last it seems that the 3-year-old championship, as well as the Horse of the Year title, will be settled on the track instead of in the polls. All three leading candidates—defending champion Buckpasser, now a 4-year-old millionaire, and Demascus and Dr. Fager—are expected to start in the mile-and-a-quarter Woodward at Aqueduct on Sept. 30. All are in top form and are

training well. The Woodward might be not only the race of the year but the race of the decade as well. There has been nothing like it since Bold Ruler won his title in 1957 in a showdown with Gallant Man and Round Table.

There is no question that either Demascus or Dr. Fager is the best 3-year-old. Since their one meeting at a mile in April, which Dr. Fager won, the colts have gone their separate ways and have won repeatedly at all sorts of distances. Matching them in the Woodward at a mile and a quarter—and tossing in Buckpasser—could have spectacular results. Says Tom Bancroft, whose wife owns Demascus, "We'll be in the Wood-

continued



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HORSE RACING continued

ward. My wife is a Woodward; the race is named for her father. This is obviously a race we'd like to win. Dr. Fager may be great, but the time has come for a showdown." Trainer Frank Whiteley says simply, "I'd like Horse of the Year for Damascus, and I guess this time we finally have a shot at it."

Dr. Fager's trainer, Johnny Nerud, was pleased with his colt's race in New Hampshire, in which he lost the lead to In Reality and then came on again to win by a length and a quarter. But Nerud would not say anything definite about the Woodward until two days later, "With this colt's tricky right knee and one thing or another," said Nerud, "how could I decide to run or not run in the Woodward until I knew if I had a sound horse? Now he seems ready, and we'll run. I respect Damascus, and his trainer is one whale of a horseman in my book. I don't know who else will be in that race, but I do know that if Damascus is to beat Dr. Fager he's going to have to run faster than he's ever run in his life."

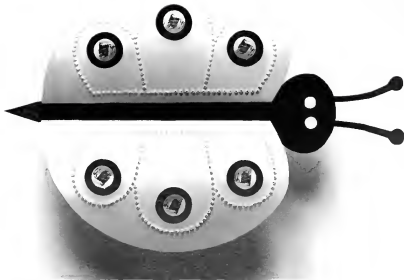
Both Nerud and Whiteley know full well that in order to win they also have to beat Buckpasser. The champion was slated to face Damascus in the Aqueduct, but two days before the race he was temporarily sidelined. "He had never trained as well in his life as he had for the Aqueduct," said Trainer Eddie Naylor, "but we discovered some heat on the front of his right front coronary band. It lasted just long enough to keep him out of that race, but he hasn't missed any training. If nothing goes wrong with him now, he is a definite starter in the Woodward."

Without Buckpasser to worry about, Damascus had a relatively easy time of it in the Aqueduct, winning by two lengths from Ring Twice. On that day, at least, Damascus would have had two advantages over the champion. He would have received nine pounds (three more than he will get in the Woodward), and he probably would have had an edge in condition. Following his 22-length triumph in the Travers, Damascus was never better, while Buckpasser had not raced since July 22. If Buckpasser does not train up to the Woodward to suit Eddie Naylor, it would surprise nobody if he were retired. Says Owner Ogden Phipps, "We're just trying to get him back for the Woodward. The matter of retirement would have to come up in its own time."

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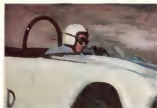
HORSE RACING *continued*

And what does Phipps think of the opposition? "Taking a line on both Damascus and Dr. Fager by what they have done against In Reality, it would seem that Damascus was the better of the two. But somehow I still prefer Dr. Fager."

This opinion is shared by Trainer John Jacobs, who went to Rockingham to saddle his sister Patrice's Reason to Hall against Dr. Fager. "Dr. Fager," says John, "is extraordinary because he makes it all look so easy. I'd have to pick him against Damascus, and, believe me, we've tracked them both all year. I just hope they meet. And when they do, I want to be there to see it."

Meanwhile Chicago fans had a look at some of the 2-year-olds who will be making Triple Crown history of their own next spring. The finishes of both halves of the sixth running of the Arlington-Washington Futurity were remarkably similar. In the opener, T.V. Commercial, who had won four of his previous seven starts and was impressive in the spring at Keeneland and Churchill Downs, circled the field turning for home and won easily by nearly four lengths over the favorite, Gin-Rob. A half hour later Ogden Phipps's Vitriolic came from next to last place in his nine-horse field and did exactly the same thing to defeat Exclusive Native by 3½ lengths. Running against a strong head wind on the backstretch, T.V. Commercial covered his seven furlongs in 1:23½, while Vitriolic was timed in 1:24 flat. Both colts may be pretty good runners. The former is by T.V. Lark, who won the Washington D.C. International at Laurel at a mile and a half, while Vitriolic is by Bold Ruler out of the Ambionx mare Sarcastic. Of the two performances, despite the slower time, Vitriolic's was the more impressive. The way he finished, after coming through with one powerful run from the three-eighths pole to the quarter pole and then virtually coasting home against a colt as good as Exclusive Native, gave every indication that longer distances should not bother him in the least.

So Vitriolic becomes another 2-year-old whiz kid in the stables of the House of Phipps and Trainer Neloy. On the same day their unbeaten filly, Queen of the Stage, ran to an easy victory at Aqueduct. Next week, if they feel like it, they could run the pair of them, together with the Hopeful winner, What a Pleasure, as an almost unbeatable entry in the Futurity at Aqueduct. **END**



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Two who didn't stay away

At Forest Hills last week some big names failed to show, which made winning just a little easier for Billie Jean King and John Newcombe

Some of the best tennis players in the world were not at Forest Hills last week for the U.S. National Singles Championships. Fred Stolle, last year's winner, was in South Africa, playing as a pro. With him was Dennis Ralston. Manuel Santana, the 1965 champion, remained in Europe with "other commitments." Lieutenant Arthur Ashe could not get a leave from his post at West Point, a few miles away. Australia's Tony Roche made it to Forest Hills and was third-seeded until he awoke one morning just before the tournament began and found he could not raise his left arm above his shoulder—the result of a golf injury, of all things. Even the women's division was affected. Both Maria Bueno, the defending champion, and Nancy Richey, the second-ranked U.S. player, were out with ailments.

Unfortunately for those who did show up at Forest Hills, there was nothing wrong with John Newcombe or Billie Jean King. The two Wimbledon champions were never in any real danger of

losing a match, and, in fact, if all the absentees had been able to play at Forest Hills, it is probable that both would have won anyway.

Mrs. King proved that she now deserves to be ranked near the top of the great woman players in history. At Forest Hills, as at Wimbledon, she did not lose a single set, beating South Africa's Annette Van Zyl in the quarterfinals, France's Françoise Durr in the semis and England's Ann Haydon Jones in the finals. Rosemary Casals, who might have given Billie Jean, her friend and doubles partner, difficulty (she has beaten her three times in two years) was put out by 18-year-old Peaches Bartkowicz, who in turn was beaten by Mrs. Jones.

Newcombe had a little more trouble making his way to the title—but not much. At the start of the tournament it seemed as if he, too, might be among the missing. Playing an exhibition a few days earlier, he had strained a back muscle and had been forced to default. In reaching the semifinal round at

continued



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TENNIS / continued



BROUGHT BRIEFLY TO HIS KNEES, GRAEBNER ROSE TO WIN SEMIS, THEN FELL AGAIN

Forest Hills he lost a set to Mike Estep in the first round, Cliff Richey in the third, Ray Moore of South Africa in the fourth and Bob Hewitt, an Australian now living in South Africa, in the quarters. In fact, Hewitt, a player known for his delightfully wicked temper, came within a few strokes of taking a second set from Newcombe.

It was the semifinals of the tournament that clearly showed what kind of Forest Hills it was. There was Newcombe, of course, just as he should be. But his opponent was a 29-year-old lawyer (address: 1 Wall Street) and weekend player named Gene Scott who had long since given up any dreams he might have had of becoming a true tennis hero. At his best, which was four years ago, Scott was the fourth-ranked player in the country and a member of the Davis Cup team, but he had never progressed past the fourth round at either Wimbledon or Forest Hills. Like his friends Chuck McKinley and Frank Froehling, who also work at 9-to-5 jobs and now play only friendly tennis, Scott entered the Nationals for the fun of it. If he got a good draw, he might beat a couple of people before losing. If he got a bad draw—out.

And it was a bad draw. Tony Roche was his first-round opponent, and by Scott's own admission, there was no way he could win unless something crazy happened, such as Roche waking up and not being able to raise his arm.

Once past Roche, Scott polished off three lesser players before meeting another U.S. player, Ron Holmberg. Scott beat him in five sets—an upset of sorts—when Holmberg blew an overhead at match point. That put Scott on the quarterfinals against Australia's Owen Davidson, a rugged left-hander who is a regular on the tour. "I've already put out one Australian left-hander," Scott said airily as he sized up his chances, which in truth were near zero. Anyone who knew anything about tennis could tell you that.

So of course Scott went out and beat Davidson in straight sets. Just like that he had qualified to be on national TV against the amateur champion of the world, John Newcombe.

In the other half of the semifinals was a 26-year-old pharmacist from Copenhagen, Jan Leschly, who was seventh-seeded at Wimbledon ("Heaven knows why," he said) but who was almost totally unknown in this country. A left-hander, Leschly combined a deadly forehand with a marvelous sense of humor, knocking out Cliff Drysdale, Thomas Koch and Ronnie Barnes in succession and keeping the galleries laughing as he did it.

Leschly's opponent in the semis was Clark Graebner, who rarely if ever finds anything to laugh about on a tennis court. A year ago Graebner was suspended from the Davis Cup team for bad court manners. Since then his be-

continued



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havior has been commendable, but he still acts as if death would be his punishment for losing, a behavior trait characteristic of many U.S. players.

Like Scott and Leschly, Graebner had never before reached the semifinals at Forest Hills, and at 23, married and with a young daughter, he had arrived at the stage where he, too, was considering giving up year-round tennis for a job. Graebner had no problems in the early stages of the tournament, but in the quarterfinals he met Roy Emerson, now 31 and only the shadow of the player he once was. Still, the shadow was enough to push Graebner to four sets, including a titanic 19-17 third set, before Graebner won. Thus the reformed bad boy joined the pharmacist and the lawyer in the semifinals with John Newcombe.

On Saturday in the Forest Hills stadium, Gene Scott's adventure came to an abrupt ending. Newcombe ran through him in three straight sets. For a while it looked as if the Graebner-Leschly match would last only three sets.

too. Playing like a man too happy to be nervous ("I woke up this morning and couldn't believe I was in the semifinals"), Leschly won the first two sets, never losing more than one point on his serve. Graebner, on the other hand, looked stiff and double-faulted frequently, whereas the day before his serves had made Emerson shake his head.

Graebner continued to double-fault in the third set, but he held on and finally broke Leschly's serve to win it. As he entered a dressing room beneath the stadium for the 10-minute break, he was followed almost immediately by Bill Talbert and Gardner Mulloy and by his wife Carole, who throughout the tournament (when she was not playing herself) signaled encouragement from the stands.

"You're not throwing the ball high enough on your serve," said Talbert.

"You're not throwing the ball high enough," repeated Mulloy.

"Honey, please throw it higher," pleaded Carole.

After the intermission Graebner took over. He won the fourth set quickly, and gained an early service break in the fifth. Leschly made a gallant effort, breaking Graebner's serve to even it at 5-5, but he immediately lost his own and, minutes later, the match. At the final point Graebner flipped his racket in the air and leaped the net to console his opponent, but Leschly, a comedian to the end, also leaped the net, passing the startled Graebner in mid-air. Landing, Leschly gave a hilarious "where did he go?" pantomime, then stepped back over the net to congratulate the American.

It was no clown that Graebner faced the following day. Newcombe was merciless and swift, beating the American in three sets. Thus for the 12th year in a row the U.S. was unable to win its own National men's singles title (the Australians have won it nine times in that period). Unless someone can convince John Newcombe to join the crowd who stayed away from Forest Hills this year, the drought may last indefinitely. **END**

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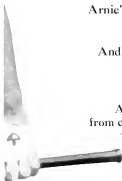
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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Sir Pete is unhorsed

It's a toss-up whether the art of barbed conversation flourishes best in the halls of ancient universities or at the forgatherings of bridge experts. If the collegian owns a greater command of the language, the bridge expert can borrow from a well-stocked arsenal of colorful terminology unique to his game. No wonder then that delightfully vivid sparks fly when a Cambridge don also happens to be a top bridge star.

Peter Swannerton-Dyer, an English nobleman and intellectual prodigy, is one of the youngest deans in the long history of Trinity College, Cambridge. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society and, therefore, steeped in the tradition of disputation, and he is also one of the world's best tournament players. Pete and I first met at the Midwest Regionals while he was spending a sabbatical year at the University of Chicago. We met again later in the British Maver Pairs championship. From this second encounter I recall his comment as he computed the cost of a heavy vulnerable set: "I did not come here in my capacity as a senior wrangler"—the arcane name given to Cambridge University's

continued

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠	K 9 5	♠	7 3
♥	A K Q J 6	♥	9 7 6
♦	Q J 6	♦	A 9 7 4
♣	10 5	♣	J 7 4 3

WEST		SOUTH	
♠	Q J 6 4 2	♠	A 10 8
♥	10 2	♥	8 4 3
♦	K 10 2	♦	8 5 3
♣	A Q 9	♣	K 8 6 2

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	1 ♠	DOUBLE	PASS
1 N.T.	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 4 of spades



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They celebrated their total approval of the news, loud and long. With one notable exception. Jim Shanks, our specialist in tenderizing quality Flex-O-Moc leathers, asked why we were fashion leaders. (Jim's

a stickler for details.)

We answered his question without hesitation. We explained how we studied men's fashion styles of the day. Examined trends. Colors. Innovations. This was nothing new. It has always been our pokey.

Jim thanked us and left a happier man. He'd clearly been worried that this news might affect his legendary craft. He was relieved to learn it would always be the essence of fine Bostonian fashion.

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highest-scoring mathematical wizards.

Some of Pete's thrusts are elaborate. When appointed to the captaincy of the British women's squad he proclaimed, "I resemble a prehistoric king in a matriarchal society, given power and respect for a year and then ceremoniously slaughtered to fertilize the crops." The European Championships ended with Britain's ladies far ahead—but the team was no longer on speaking terms. Criticism of Pete's inattention to feminine psychology outlasted the cheers.

Some of his *mois* are terse. In a Masters Individual championship his partner made a fancy call that led to disaster. "I thought you'd understand that bid of mine," complained the partner. "I thought *you* would," was Pete's riposte. But Pete easily evades unpopularity because he is far more critical of himself than of his partners. Most deals end with him explaining what he did wrong. The hand shown here—Pete sitting West—is an example.

Point-counting the honors separately, South's contract of three no trump was seemingly an ambitious one. But a solid five-card suit is always worth a good bit extra, and nothing less than perfect defense could have beaten the game. Pete opened the 4 of spades, which was won by declarer's 10. When a diamond was led, West played low and dummy's jack was captured by East, who returned a spade. Declarer won in his own hand and led a second diamond, establishing dummy's queen for the ninth trick.

Pete noticed immediately that the contract would have been defeated had East returned the jack of clubs when in with the ace of diamonds. But instead of suggesting that East might have executed that maneuver, Pete—who one day will be Sir Peter, the 16th baronet of his line—insisted that the blame was his alone. West can count declarer for eight tricks in the major suits. To defeat the contract it is therefore essential for East to hold the ace of diamonds and probably the jack of clubs as well. There is one sure way West can persuade East to return the jack of clubs when he gets in with the ace of diamonds: West must go up with the king when the first diamond is led and must shift to a heart. The abandonment of the spade suit makes it plain that the only way to grab enough tricks to defeat the contract is to attack clubs. And the only way to get at least three club tricks is by leading the jack! **END**

DRIVING BLINDFOLDED?



Your car's steering and suspension system is as important to your safety as brakes and tires—perhaps more so. Many automotive experts believe safety starts with steering and suspension. Yet few drivers give this system any attention. To them, it's a "blind spot."

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IT WAS ONLY A GAME

There seemed no reason to be apprehensive. On Sundays a bunch of guys edging toward middle age got together for a little pretend football. Trouble was, it was pretend pro football. They should have hired Vince Lombardi to coach it

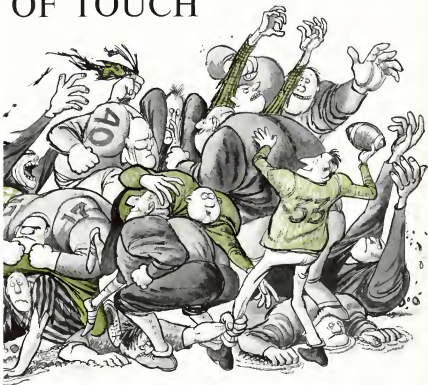
BY GEORGE V. PACKARD



My wife sat in the chair in the living room and said, "You're making a mistake," and I thought to myself, when was she ever wrong, and went ahead anyway. We had moved to North Paterson, N.J., a week before, and I was reading the sports page of the local paper, *The North Paterson Evening News*, when I came across this innocuous personal down in one corner. All it said was:

Football players wanted for industrial touch-football leagues.
Contact: C. Wilcox (KL 5-2368)

OF TOUCH



Nothing more. I read it to Anne and she said, "You're making a mistake even reading it."

"I played in an industrial league in Florida," I said.

"Ten years ago and then you almost got killed."

But it was Sunday and I had just watched *Unitas* throwing from the pocket, stepping up and hanging a long beauty to flying Lenny Moore who went in for six, so I picked up the phone and dialed KL 5-2368. It rang and rang and nobody answered, and I figured they were all out running patterns when somebody picked up the phone, but he didn't

say anything, just picked up the phone. So I said, "Hello, anybody there?"

Somebody or something groaned. I said, "You looking for football players?"

The guy on the other end said, "Harrison Street Athletic Club."

I was getting closer, so I tried again. "You looking for football players?"

He said, "You the guy who just called?"

"Friend," I said, "I'm the guy who's still calling."

continued

"Oh," he said blankly, and I then heard him yell to somebody that I was the guy who was still calling, and then someone else came and took the phone and said, "Pass, catch or hit?"

Here I made one of those instant decisions that change the direction of your life. I said, "Pass."

"North Paterson High School field, 2 o'clock, Saturday," the voice said, and I figured I ought to say "Roger" but didn't. He hung up before I said anything.

My wife put the paper down and got that Barbara Stanwyck look on her face and said, "Well?"

"Sounds like a good bunch," I said. "Must be some college guys who want to stay in shape."

"Oh," she said.

I told her I was going out in the backyard for a while to run a few wind sprints and work on my steps. Ten minutes later I came back in and sat down.

"Well?" asked Anne.

"Take a while to round into shape," I said.

Saturday came, and I was nervous but Anne wasn't. She said something about how I'd have all day Sunday to recover and I had some sick time coming anyway, and I left for the field.

When I got there I saw eight or 10 Harrison Street Athletic Clubbers out on the field. I walked out and asked for whoever was in charge, and this guy with a clipboard walked over.

"You the guy who called?" he asked. "The t'rower?"

I said, "Yeah, I throw."

He handed me a ball and said, "T'row."

"Who to?" I asked.

He said, "T'row to the Tree."

It didn't seem like things were getting off to much of a start because I didn't know why I was supposed to throw

at a tree unless it was some kind of accuracy test. Worse, there wasn't a tree around that I could reach. And then the one with the clipboard yelled, "Hey, Tree," and one of the others walked over.

The boss said, "He's the tight end and we call him the Tree. He's the one who answers the phone. Say hello, Tree."

"Huh," he said, and I shook hands with the Tree and then walked back and threw him a soft one, praying it would spiral. It did, and the Tree one-handed it and threw it back.

He was 6'6" or 7' and did look like a tree, like a weeping willow. He was bent over in a long curve, and when he stood still his hands hung down to his knees. He handled a football the way Meadowlark Lemon handled a basketball in the post, as if it had handles. I figured he wouldn't have too much for moves but that you could throw six feet behind him and he'd flick out a tentacle and sack it in.

We threw for a while and then another one of them came over and said, "I'm Howie. How are ya?"

Howie was built just the opposite of the Tree, wide and close to the ground, like a fort, and I never saw him when he didn't have a smile on his face. He was the center, and it was always a little disconcerting to look up to the line of scrimmage and see Howie bent over, smiling back at me under a rear the size and shape of a tugboat. But Howie had the lateral movement and he could center, could he ever center.

He took the ball, walked six or seven yards away, spread his legs and smiled back at me, upside down, and said, "How do ya like it?"

I held my hands out in front and a little to the right the way I'd seen them do it in the old pictures of the single-wing tailback and said, "Hike."

It must have been doing 50 or 75 miles an hour when it went by me to the right and halfway down the field. Howie stood up.

"Figured you was going to roll," he said, "the way you was standing with your hands."

I was feeling a little lightheaded, thinking of what could have happened if that ball had come back right at me. Somebody might have had to pull it out of me, if it didn't go right through.

What he had said about rolling out bothered me a little, too. I figured that my rolling days were over and that I was more the stand-up, Tittle type.

I had this vision of myself in the pocket back there looking out over all that mayhem, dispassionate, picking and choosing, ignoring the agony around me.

"I don't roll, Howie," I said. "I'm an old-fashioned quarterback."

"O.K.," he said between his legs, and I moved back some steps and took a few more centers. Howie had taken something off them.



He took the ball and bent over and then smiled at me upside down.

continued

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We did that for a while, and I looked down to the other end of the field where the rush line was working out. There were only three of them because Howie was the fourth, but against whoever was trying to hold them out it looked like half a dozen too many. The one with the clipboard was standing behind the offensive blockers holding a piece of red cloth. The object was to see how long it took the three in the rush line to get to the cloth.

They set up and the one with the clipboard said, "Hike." There was this sound, as if somebody had dropped a side of beef off a building, and they came in at the cloth. The Clipboard, who was holding the cloth, got cut down. Slowly he disappeared into the pile and somebody moaned, and they started fighting down underneath there. Pretty soon one of them crawled out with a shirt in his hand, but it wasn't red. Finally, the Clipboard crawled out. He stood up, blew his whistle and walked off the field to the equipment box for some tape.

After several minutes the Clipboard, patched in white, introduced himself. He was the boss. His name was Buffalo, but he didn't get that name because he looked like one. He got the name because of the way he operated, the old meaning of the word. He was a talker, and I found out later he had talked his way out of some pretty sticky situations. For instance, there was the time he and his buddy were in some place they weren't supposed to be and they saw this guard coming. Buffalo told his friend to lie down and look broken. When the guard came up Buffalo started sniffing a little and said, "My friend is dead. He fell off the top of that building. Please get somebody."

The guard looked down at the one and then up at the grieving face of Buffalo and ran off to call. The two of them walked out of there free as the breeze, and that's why they call him Buffalo.

Anyway, he came up to me and said, "You throw O.K." I said, "Thanks."

He said, "We can use you. We got another guy who throws pretty good, but we can use you."

"Why me?" I said. "If you already got somebody else?"

"There's reasons, and because you got a few gray hairs," he said.

I thought about that for a minute. "What's that got to do with it?" I asked. "I'm only 33."

"That's going to make a difference in the huddle," he said. "These guys are sort of independent, especially the receivers, and we need somebody to tell 'em what to do."

I began to have a few doubts then, especially about the receivers, and I was still a little worried about that pile of people I'd seen down at the other end of the field, where the moan had come from. But it looked as though I was going to get a chance to play—some, anyway.

The receivers never did show up for that practice. After I'd thrown a few more to the Tree and had to stop because it felt like my arm was going to come off, everything broke up and I went home.

I came into the kitchen with a smile on my face and said, "I made it . . . the team. You're looking at a quarterback."

My wife looked at me and asked, "What's wrong with your arm?"

I looked at it, and it was sort of hanging down like something old and soft you'd hang up high so the kids couldn't touch it, because if they did it would come apart.

"Nothing," I said, and tried to move it to show her. It wouldn't move.

She shook her head a little sadly and went over to the stove. I went into the living room and got some paper and a pencil and started on a few pass patterns, left-handed.

I was going to be ready because we had another practice next Saturday, and the Sunday after that was our first exhibition game. Oh, yes, we had them, at least that's what Buffalo called them when he wrote them up for the paper.

I learned some more about the game at that second practice, and I began to understand why I'd made the team—those gray hairs weren't the only reason.

I'd thrown a few to some of the linemen, and then Buffalo came over to talk about a game plan for the exhibition next Sunday. We talked for a while, and then I asked him about his other quarterback. Buffalo didn't have too much to say about him. It was only later that I found out that he had been a pretty good one, but now all he was throwing were left-handed paper airplanes at the wastebasket in the hospital. He had a dislocated shoulder from the first week of practice when they had a little live scrimmage, and he was out for the season.

While we were talking, a car drove up to the edge of the field and parked. It was a white convertible, and the radio was on loud enough to be heard in Hoboken. There were two guys in it, but they didn't get out. They just sat there and looked.

"There they are," Buffalo said.

"Who?" I asked.

"Your receivers," he said, and I started to wonder about them again.

One was Rick Russo, the other Stud Mutrie, and watching them from across the field you could hardly tell them apart. They always came in tight white football pants, shined low-cuts with the white laces around the sides, and clean football jerseys tucked in. Eventually they got out of the car and crossed the field. They looked me over and decided that I'd do as well as anybody else. Then we threw a few patterns at half speed. They never went at anything but at half speed in practice.

In a game it was different, and they were something to see. They didn't care what happened to them as long as they had a chance to score, and did they like to score! Of course, that was what Buffalo meant about trouble in the huddle. They both wanted to score on every play.

One played flanker and the other split end, and they were good friends except during a game. Then they weren't anybody's friends. If there was one thing they liked better

continued

than scoring, it was fighting, and that explained the gray-haired business. I soon realized I was in there as much to keep those two out of fights as to call plays and throw passes. I never did have much success as a peacemaker.

They were at their worst, though, during our scrimmages when sometimes they played against each other. Besides being the primary receivers, they were our deep secondary, and good on defense, too. When one would start out on a pattern with the other right with him, step for step, the elbowing and clawing and hiping was something to see. I'd throw and they'd go down under it and both of them would go up for it and start to fight up there in the air even before they got back to the ground. Then we'd have to get the rush line to go down and tear them apart.

But when they played together on defense they were blatantly violent. They would go down with the intended pass receiver on the first pattern, rise gracefully with him to snag the ball and then, when everything seemed to be going nicely according to the rules, all hell would break loose. An unseen hip, a subtle shove and the receiver was usually wondering why he came to play. After that he generally forgot about the ball and had eyes only for them.

But there was something they liked even better. They'd go down and hang off just a little so the receiver was sure he had them beat. Then when the ball came floating down they'd take a bigger step and casually up it away. Then they'd say, "Gee, that's too bad. You almost got that one." The fight would start in earnest then.

I didn't discover any of this, or what kind of a game the Harrison Street Athletic Club played, until the first exhibition game. I should have known right away, when I saw that rush line working out down at the other end of the field at the first practice, but I didn't. I figured it was just a bunch of guys who watched a lot of television on Sundays and wanted to try some of it out, or recapture some of their youth, or maybe work back into shape, but it wasn't any of those things. If I'd thought about it I would have been suspicious, because all of our games were set for Sunday afternoons and nobody could watch television. On Sunday afternoons they had something more important to do than watch pro football.

Anyway, in that exhibition game we got the ball first and I trotted out on the field after the kickoff, figuring I'd just feel them out a little in the short secondary, work the flats a little to see if I could have them when I needed them. I called a simple down and out for the tight end with the flanker through first to clear it out.

We broke the huddle, went up to the line, and I started cadence. "Ready, set, hut, hut . . ." and Howie sent the ball back just perfect. I went back to set up, looking left, and then turned and looked right to see this quick little guy in an orange shirt hanging just back of the Tree, waiting for the interception. Then I looked to the flanker, but he wasn't looking, so I just stopped and decided to eat it. We were on our own 35, and I wasn't worried. Guys were hitting

each other all around me, and I saw Howie move right and pick one up and cut him at the knees. That was when something hit me in the back. I was facing a little to the right and suddenly I was going down, too fast to get my hands out, flat, with the ball rolling off somewhere. I couldn't breathe, and I was sure that I was going to die, that my back was broken and my ribs were puncturing my lungs.

What had happened was that I had been "touched." That was the name of the game, and that was what had happened. Their right end had beaten our blocker and circled a little and gotten me. And I learned right then what the game was all about.

Somewhere in the folklore of touch football the realization had come that the big trouble with the game was that there was always an argument about whether somebody had been touched with two hands or not, and somewhere in the past the method for avoiding that argument had been discovered. There was no doubt about it in my case. I had been touched with two hands, and it felt like they were still in me. But nobody had anything to say, except Howie when he helped me up.

"You got to release quicker," he said.

When you got touched in that league you stayed touched, and nobody ever argued about it. Maybe there would be a question about your going out of bounds, or interference or first down, but never about whether the guy with the ball had been touched. This always worked, because in this



My wife said to me, "You look funny, like you're in a parade."

game when your knee hit the ground the play was over, and if you were flat out on the grass there was never any doubt about whether or not your knee had touched the ground. It was a failsafe system, and nobody ever worried about it, not for a moment.

It's true it was called "two-handed touch" and the two hands were important. But in the bigger picture of the game "touch" was a useful euphemism. If the authorities knew what really went on in one of those touch games they would have locked us up for playing it.

Of course, there were a few rules in this league we played in, like four tries for a first down, six points for a touchdown and automatic disqualification for cooling somebody, but only the first two were enforced. The last one went into effect only if the victim happened to be the referee. Referees were hard to find.

That first exhibition was nothing compared to what happened in our first game, but I was blissfully unaware of what was to come and actually felt pretty good about having to release quicker. Of course, Buffalo had to drive me home because something had happened to my back. It felt as if there was something bad in it and if I moved much things were going to break.

When I came into the house I just stood in the front hall and waited. I knew I couldn't sit down and if I walked I was going to look like some kind of robot. So I stood trying to look casual and waited for Anne. When she finally came in I said, "Hi. We won . . . and I threw for three."

She looked at me and said, "Three what?"

"Touchdowns," I said. "You know, six points a touchdown?"

"How do you feel?" she asked. "You look funny, like you're leading a parade."

"I'm great. Just going up to take a shower." We stood there and I outwaited her, and finally she went into the kitchen and I started my painful way upstairs.

In a day or two my back got better, and I felt pretty good about the whole business. I'd made the team, and I thought I had the game figured out. Even Anne didn't seem too unhappy about it until a week or so later when Buffalo called up and Anne answered the phone.

She knew who he was because I had told her. They were on for a while, and Anne started to look sort of peculiar before she handed me the phone. When I finished I went back into the living room and she was sitting there with the same old Barbara Stanwyck look on her.

"What did he mean?" she asked.

"What did he mean about what?" I answered negatively.

"What did he mean when he said, 'Mrs. Packard, rest assured that we are going to do everything in our power to take the best possible care of your husband,' and then he put somebody else on with a voice like a gorilla."

That was Fitzy, I thought. Fitzy Williams was our strong-side blocker and in charge of the offensive blocking assignments, and I started to get worried.



It made no difference how many there were—he came in straight.

"This gorilla one told me that all he thinks about every night is protecting my husband, that his only reason for existence on that field is to protect you."

"So?" I said, knowing it was the wrong thing.

"What do you mean, so?"

I didn't know what I meant, and I started to say "so" again but stopped.

"What exactly is he staying up nights to protect you from?" Anne asked.

I started to try to explain the game to Anne again. I have tried to explain the game of football to her every fall for nearly 12 years, and every year the same thing happens. She doesn't understand it. She has some kind of mental block against understanding it. Somewhere inside her is something that makes her incapable of understanding football. Once I tried to explain to her what a light-year was and how far it is to the next nearest star, and she said the same thing she always says when I try to explain football: "Please!"

Once I almost succeeded—with football, not light-years—because I had figured out a new angle. I told her about Paul Hornung and showed her a picture of Jimmy Brown without any shirt on, and she began to get interested and even read some about Jimmy Brown, but it didn't last.

"How can a man who looks like that," she said, "play that stupid game? He could be maimed." I couldn't get her interested again.

Once in a while, though, she'd walk in where the TV was and ask whether Jimmy Brown was playing, and when he was she would sit down for a while and watch.

"No. 32, there behind those others?" she'd ask.

Continued

"That's Jimmy all right. Now watch for the sweep," I'd say. And after Jimmy would run one and they'd come in close on him with the camera the way they used to when he was down on the ground, she'd say, "It's the way he gets up, and the way he walks back to that bunch of others that I like." I think she was thinking of me. Brown always looked as though he hurt.

But that was the sum total of my wife's understanding of and interest in the game of football, and it's beside the point. She was still interested in what Fitzzy had said about staying up nights trying to think of ways to protect me.

"You better get more insurance," she said, and then that "please!" look came back and she said something about how maybe she and the kids ought to go to her mother's every fall, and why didn't I like chess like her father.

But I was going to play, and I guess she could never really understand why I wanted to. The others played the game for different reasons, some because they played when they were in high school, some just to get outside for an afternoon and some, like the rush line, as a substitute for something worse. I think I played because of some kind of atavistic urge that gave me the feeling of being Hannibal in the Alps in winter.

That feeling is hard to describe, but I have a friend who feels the same way. He lives in Memphis, Tenn., and the other night he called me up from a bar and said that he had just had a drink with Charlie Conerly and Charlie had said, "I'm going to die someday, and when I do I want to be buried in Yankee Stadium on the five-yard line," and then he hung up. It was a good quote, but of course Charlie hadn't said it.

That's the feeling, my feeling. It was not the rush line's, which could never be accused of taking an overly romantic view of life.

There were four of them—Howie and Fitzzy, who went both ways, and Ham and Doc. Ham got his name because he looked a little that way, as though when he got home at night they hung him up, but nobody knew how Doc got his name, and nobody asked.

Howie and Ham rushed the inside, and Fitzzy and Doc were the defensive ends. Howie had the good lateral movement and Ham didn't have any at all, but that wasn't his fault. He had this thing wrong with his eyes called tunnel vision, and he could only see straight ahead. He'd line up on the inside and focus in on the quarterback and start this sound down inside of him somewhere. It was like the rumble of a locomotive in a movie trying to stop before going over the open bridge. It was real quiet when it started and then got louder and louder until the snap of the ball.

Ham would come straight, and it made no difference who or how many there were in his way, he kept coming, with those big forearms out in front of him. If the guy trying to hold him out went down, that was too bad, because Ham couldn't see down either. He'd step on him.

But when he'd drive the quarterback out of the pocket,

he'd start yelling, "Where is he, Howie? Where is he?"

Howie would yell, "Left," or "Right," and Ham would pivot and start off again.

Howie or Ham would usually drive the thrower out, and Fitzzy or Doc would nail him. They came in like a couple of scythes, wide and hard, and if the guy who was getting chased didn't like the looks of the outside with those two coming, he could always turn back to the inside and run into Howie or Ham.

If he stayed straight back behind the center, though, and the receivers were covered, it was awful, because eventually Ham would get to him. When it was over, Howie would help the quarterback to his feet while Ham just stood there, breathing. Usually he was waiting for Howie to show him the way back to the other side of the line of scrimmage.

But Doc and Fitzzy were at their best on the sweeps. We ran in this game, too. We had pitchouts, an off-tackle play, a single and double reverse and an end sweep. You can run in touch, contrary to what some people think, especially if you have people who like to pull and block in the open field, and we had that kind.

Other teams in the league ran, too, and Doc and Fitzzy liked that. With good half backs behind them, all they were supposed to do was pressure the man with the ball. This was their game: no glory, no science, no nostalgia about recapturing a lost youth. They played because they liked to hit. That was their favorite word, "Hit!" How they loved the sound of that word.

I remember our opening game—I'll never forget it. We were playing the Perth Amboy Rod and Gun Club, and they had this one guy in their rush line who was something. He went about 250 or 260, and he was made out of rock. All afternoon he had been getting to me just after I released the ball. They hadn't been really solid hits, because Howie or Fitzzy always managed to be somewhere in between. But it was just a matter of time, and they knew it, and he knew it and, most of all, I knew it.

You didn't do anything about that sort of thing, though, because of this kind of code we had. It was a pretty simple thing—you took it or you got out. There was a little more to the code. You didn't use your fists, except in a fight. The only other important part was the unspoken rule about how you could "touch" the guy with the ball.

You could hit him as hard as you could, as hard as you could take it, but only with your hands and arms. You couldn't throw a shoulder into the one with the ball.

Anyway, on one play Howie had caught this guy from Perth Amboy by mistake with an elbow in the mouth and loosened his front teeth, not that this seemed to bother him any.

Not at first, but on the next play I could hardly get the ball off because of the way he looked. He had this big flat face and the blood was coming out of his open mouth like Victoria Falls, down off his chin all over the front of his

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shirt. There was blood all over everybody. My only thought was to keep it, or my own blood, off me.

When it finally happened we were down inside their 45 with fourth down coming up. We were two touchdowns ahead and had maybe eight yards for the first down. We were over on the right hash mark, and the whole left side of the field was open.

I had been going pretty well all afternoon except for this series, and we had them beat. I guess, having not yet been killed, I was feeling a little cocky. And so, kneeling in the huddle, I said, "The hell with fourth down. We're going for it," and called a swing pattern that would delay the blocking back out into the open side of the field where he could outrun their linebacker for the marker. I sent everybody else to the short side.

It's still clear to me even after what happened. I called the play on four because we had been going on two or three counts all afternoon, and I thought maybe we could pick up five on the offside penalty, but we didn't. They didn't budge, and on four the ball came back and I moved to set up looking right.

I wanted for the delay, and then I saw our blocking back start off, but he was running too close to the line and wasn't looking. He ran straight into that monster with the bloody mouth, and down he went. I looked to the short side but they were all jammed in there. Then I recalled Tittle again, and how when things got really bad he'd take off. Remember that slow-motion way he used to run, going flat out to the flag in those high-topped shoes? For one frightened minute that was me.

Even when I was faster, years ago, I was never very swift, and things hadn't improved. But my angle was pretty good, and I didn't see anybody on that side of the field. I figured I'd just go for the touchdown marker and run out of bounds. I put my eye on it and chugged as fast as I could for the sideline.

I was about halfway there when I saw this guy coming out of the corner of my eye. He was all red in the face and had a red shirt on, and then I realized that it was the monster, and there I was

continued

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GAME OF TOUCH continued

out in the open field with him. I started to get a little nervous and really poured it on. I thought I could make it, but I didn't. I couldn't. Two steps from the stake this guy threw himself at me, high, with his shoulder, and I took all of him in the chest, up on the right side.

I don't remember much about the next 10 minutes or so. I recall going up in the air and feeling this thing in my chest, and then a sharp pain, as though a lung had burst and the inside of me was full of fluid. I thought for a second how Tittle must have felt that afternoon in Pitt Stadium against Pittsburgh, and that was all. I came down into the equipment box and the first-aid case, and went out.

They all said I went out, but I remember thinking that if I don't start breathing pretty soon I'm going to die. I thought I could see people around me, but it was like looking up from under water at people looking down.

After a while I came around, and Howie and Fitty got me up and walked

continued



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me around a little until I started breathing again, but not very well. And then I started to get mad.

All that romantic stuff about being the last one to go down with my husbands, Delacroix-like, in blue and gold, was gone. I was back in the jungle.

The monster had broken our rule about hitting a runner in the open field with your shoulder. What really made me mad was that if I had known he was going to do it, I could have turned up into him to protect myself. I had been expecting hands, hard, and I knew I'd go down, but I wasn't ready for the shoulder. I was real mad.

Now, I don't get mad, because my father told me once that only dogs get mad. I also learned a long time ago that it's the ones who don't get mad who win the ball games, but I was of no mind to heed that kind of advice.

Somehow I got back on the field, and there was some kind of penalty, and we had the first down. In the huddle they could all see I was going to do something awful, and I was thinking how I could throw a football pretty hard and at two or three yards I could...

"Forget it, Packs," Fitzzy said, sensing my thoughts. "Me and Howie will take care of it."

And now I'm glad I didn't do anything, because Fitzzy and Howie took care of it on the next play. They were going to high-low the monster, and they said to call a pitchout. I did. The ball came back, and I pitched out to the back and just stood there and watched.

The guy from Perth Amboy came in again as hard as always, and Howie caught him at the knees from the inside, and then Fitzzy came in on the blind side high, and it was all over.

He went straight up, hung there in the air like a ski jumper who had gotten too far back and lost control, then down, and he didn't get up again for a long time. When he did he walked slowly over to the bench and sat down. He played a little more later in the game, but his rush didn't have too much on it anymore. And after that day I always had a good feeling when I walked out on the field when we had the ball.

continued

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GAME OF TOUCH

So, those were about all of the ones who made up the Harrison Street Athletic Club Touch-Football Team, the important ones, anyway. There were others, but they came and went. I brought a friend of mine down once to play. He filled in at linebacker for a couple of series until he got his nose broken, and now his wife won't talk to me. The others were mostly transients who played only when the spirit moved them. But for the regulars the spirit was always there.

To look at those regulars on the street you'd never guess what they did on weekdays. Doc worked for some electrical contractor, and Howie worked for the city. I was a schoolteacher, and Ham, the one with the tunnel vision, delivered phone books. And Fitzy—Fitzy didn't do anything except wait for Sundays. I don't think anybody was too sure what Buffalo did. Whatever it was, he made out all right. But on Sundays they were something different.

I suppose some psychologist could explain it all pretty easily, and probably somebody ought to make a study of the relationship between the territorial imperative and the line of scrimmage, because there was plenty of aggression going on. But whenever Fitzy would walk back from one of those piles with that big smile on his face and say, "Oh, did I cut 'em. Did I ever," or I could hang one just right on a down-out-down and the receiver went in for six, that was enough for me.

To each his own was the way we played it, and if I could have that eagle feeling back there in the pocket as if I were on the ringing plains of windy Troy, those deep receivers could have their glory, and Howie, Ham, Doc and Fitzy could hit to their heart's content.

I remember coming home after that first game with that great feeling inside me, along with the pain in my chest, and Anne was waiting for me. She looked at me, up and down, and said, "Into the shower."

Then she smiled. "And hurry," she said. "I've decided to start a training table. We've got six pounds of steak in the broiler."

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D'ye Really Ken John Peel?

It is a fine old song, but, though many sing it, few know the story of the famous huntsman they're singing about by WILLIAM DONALD

How often have groups of convivial fellows inquired of each other in sturdy tones and a rollicking lilt, "D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray?" And how many of them actually do ken him, or anything much about him?

The answer is few, if any, for though John Peel is certain to be found in almost any collection of tunes designed for community singing, even the color of his coat is open to question. Some versions of the old song substitute the word "gray" for "gray" on the assumption that Peel was a gentleman hunter from the rich Midland shires and thus would go after the fox clad in the vivid sea let known correctly as "hunting pink." They are mistaken.

John Peel neither was a gentleman in the snobish sense of the word nor did he hail from the English Midlands. A big, gaunt-featured man, six feet tall and weighing a solid 180 pounds, he was one of those twice-as-large-as-life characters that have always permeated the English countryside. He came from the tough, steep slopes of the Lake District, that magically different part of England tucked away behind the fells in the extreme northwest of the country. In Caldbeck village the houses are of gray stone, the roofs of gray slate, blending perfectly with the gray mists that shroud those hills on the greater number of days each year. There Peel was born in 1776, of farming stock, and there he died and was buried 78 years later. His gray hunting coat, spun from the fine wool of the local sheep, tinted the color scheme perfectly.

Peel made a show of working on his parents' small farm, but his heart was in the hunt, and though his book education was sadly lacking he knew, better than any man, what wiles a fox could get up to. Hunting in the Cumberland fells is as different from chasing in the Midland shires as chalk is from cheese. There are no great green pastures, but heather and scree, crag and rock to har-

bor the foxes that do such awful carnage among the lambs belonging to local farmers. Those fell foxes have the speed of greyhounds, the ferocity of wildcats and a special cunning of their own, and the folk of the fells regard fox hunting as an essential part of vermin control. John Peel thought it his enjoyable business to help agriculture in this way.

*For the sound of his boots
brought me from my bed*

Some of Peel's hunts were prodigious tests of endurance, both for himself and his followers. Roused at dawn, riders were expected to be fed, dressed and in the saddle by sunrise. An old dog fox might be flushed out of hiding in a deep valley and make straight for the fells, running along a wall top to throw hounds off the scent. On the key summit the horses could no longer tread safely. Peel would dismount, clap his horse Danny on the withers and leave it to follow him and his friends as they pressed ahead on foot. Peel knew this country as well as the foxes that lived in it. He directed the hunt from crag to outcrop along the precipitous heights 3,000 feet up. At last the old fox, unluckily for him, might reach a plateau among the tops, and the faster chase would be on again. Waiting for Peel would be Dunny, who by some telepathic sense knew precisely where to meet his master after a partying of an hour or more. Fresh as a daisy, Peel would remount; fresh as a daisy, he would be there at the kill. At 4 in the afternoon the hounds might have covered 50 miles, and Peel and his men half that distance, much of it on foot.

Somewhere, in some home or hostelry, a team of women would have been preparing a vast meal for the famous huntsman and his crones. Their favorites were stewed goose, salted salmon, pork trotters and "tattie pot"—an indigenous Cumberland dish of mutton, mushrooms, potatoes and turnips. Ac-

continued



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John Peel *continued*

companying the meal was a proportionate amount of liquor—brown ale to quench the immediate thirst, then cheap rum and brandy, probably smuggled in from the coast, to start the songs.

"We have killed a fox," Peel might have cried, "and it munna be a dry one."

On a November day in the year 1854 John Peel was carried to the graveyard. As the sad cortege passed by the kennels, the line of heartbroken mourners heard John's faithful hounds set up a desolate howl—a funeral dirge for their beloved master.

But John Peel's name and fame did not die with him. Some 20 years before, he had spent a winter's night talking and drinking in the Caldbeck home of another passionate huntsman, John Woodcock Graves. The main subject for discussion was the stopping of fox earths for the next morning's hunt, but, as large snowflakes drifted down outside the parlor window, talk turned to past legends and feats of Peel, his hounds and the foxes they had killed. In the background, an old woman was crooning a traditional tune called *Bonnie Annie* to Graves's infant son. From the fireside Graves's daughter, only a few years older, posed a casual question to her father.

"Father, what do they say to what Grannie sings?"

Graves, mellowed with drink and the pleasant talk of hunting, picked up pen and ink from the table, and started to scribble

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray,

D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day...

It did not take Graves long to finish his eulogy. Then, leaning back in his chair and taking up the familiar notes from the ancient tune, he sang his new song. Tears rolled down Peel's cheeks as he listened to this saga of his own hunt and the hounds he loved so well.

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby, too,

Ranter and Rugwood and Bellman true...

Then Graves, pleased with his work, laid pen aside and tapped his old friend on the shoulder.

"By Jove, Peel," he said in jocular fashion, "you'll be sung when we're both run to earth."

END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The managers of the four pennant contenders all had troubles of one sort or another last week, but each had plenty to be thankful about. Cal Ermer (page 26) of MINNESOTA (6-4) ran onto the field with his lineup card before a game against the Indians, tripped and fell in a heap on top of home plate. Fortunately for Ermer, his Twins remained upright. Jim Merritt and Jim Kaat each won twice. Tony Oliva had nine hits in a row and Harmon Killebrew, who had only two homers in August, hit four last week. Oliva, whose batting average fell to an alltime low of .164 on May 17, brought himself up to .290. Killebrew's homers have been invaluable to the Twins, who have won each of the last nine games in which the big slugger has homered. Mayo Smith of DETROIT (7-3), who had briefly given up smoking, admitted that the tensions of recent days had driven him back to his old habit. Earl Wilson hit a game-winning homer and became the first pitcher in either league to win 20 games. Then Mickey Lolich won his fifth game in a row to move the Tigers into a tie for first place with the Twins and the next day Detroit came up with a seven-run rally in the ninth against the White Sox to stay there. Feeling that Carl Yastrzemski might be tiring, Dick Williams of BOSTON (5-3) said, "Carl Yastrzemski will rest tomorrow." Replied Yaz, "Carl Yastrzemski will play tomorrow." Yastrzemski played and hit two homers. Jim Lonborg pitched his first complete game in Fenway Park since mid-May, picked up his 19th win and then admitted, "I'm tired. I started the season weighing 215 and I'm down to 195." Eddie Stanky of CHICAGO (6-3), afraid that Pete Ward was going to slug Umpire Emmett Ashford after a controversial call, wrestled his third baseman to the ground. To help celebrate his

48th birthday, Stanky's players gave him a poodle named Go-Go and the one thing he had said he had always wanted but never had as a child, a bicycle. What Stanky wanted and needed even more was runs, and he got enough at week's end to beat the Tigers 6-0 (as Joe Horlen pitched a no-hitter) and 4-0. When Mayo Smith heard about Stanky's bicycle he said, "It's just peachy. I hope he shares and lets the other little boys on his block ride it, too." Second-division teams took turns throwing roadblocks in front of the top four clubs. Camilo Pascual of WASHINGTON (4-3) beat the Red Sox 5-2. That was the 12th win for Pascual, who in his next start suffered a broken leg. The Red Sox also lost to a former teammate, Bill Monbouquette of NEW YORK (2-6), who brought his ERA down to 2.25. Al Downing and Reliever Dooley Wornack stopped the White Sox 3-2. Tom Phoebus and Pete Richter of BALTIMORE (3-7) collaborated to beat the Twins 5-1. Frank Robinson hit his 40th career homer, but Oriole attendance was down 300,000 from last year. CLEVELAND (4-5) beat the Twins 2-1 and 3-2, first on a 10th-inning single by Fred Whitefield, then on a two-run hit by Luis Tiant, who also pitched a seven-hitter. Dick Green and Ramon Webster of KANSAS CITY (3-7) each hit three homers, and one of Green's drives, good for three runs, defeated the Tigers 4-2. CALIFORNIA (5-4) threatened to move into the thick of the pennant fight with three wins in a row, but then ran out of runs.

Standings: Minn. 62-62, Bos. 53-63, Chi. 50-63, Cal. 61-64, Cal. 73-69, Wash. 58-75, Cleve. 63-76, Balt. 63-79, NY 63-67, KC 50-64

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Bob Gibson of ST. LOUIS (4-4), pitching for the first time since he broke his leg on June

15, improved his career record against the Mets to 17-3, but Center Fielder Curt Flood still had trouble with his ailing shoulder and had to have his throws relayed back to the infield. Ray Sadecki and Gaylord Perry of SAN FRANCISCO (6-1) each pitched a three-hit shutout and each won twice. Perry extended his string of scoreless innings to 40 before CHICAGO (5-4) scored on him. The Cubs came up with 11 homers, three each by Ron Santo and Billy Williams, and Ernie Banks added a game-winner in the 11th inning against the Dodgers. Chris Short of PHILADELPHIA (6-3) has not allowed more than three runs in any of his past 17 starts, yet has won only four games. Gary Nolan of CINCINNATI (5-3) beat the Mets 2-1 and 2-0, making him 5-0 against them this season. Milt Pappas won his 15th game, but he needed the help of both the team trainer, who gave him a head massage to relieve his "tension headache," and Ted Abernathy, who earned his 23rd save. ATLANTA (4-6) outscored the opposition 23-5 in three games, then went into a hitting slump. Al McBee of PITTSBURGH (6-3) won his third game as in as many weeks since becoming a starter. Maury Wills, after a three-day rest, went 16 for 28 and the Pirates took four of five games from the Cardinals. Ron Fairly of LOS ANGELES (4-5) homered to beat the Astros one day, and Jim Wynn of HOUSTON (2-6) hit two home runs the next afternoon to defeat the Dodgers. Wynn then became the first visiting player to hit five homers in a season in Chavez Ravine. Two days later Wynn again homered in L.A. for a 1-0 win. New York (1-6) went without a home run during the week but ended a six-game losing streak when Tom Seaver beat the Reds 5-4.

Standings: St. L. 55-55, SF 76-65, On 78-68, Cin 78-69, Phil 74-67, Atl 52-71, Pitt 71-72, LA 62-73, Wash 57-68, NY 54-69

HIGHLIGHT

Schenblum, Bench, Rader, Rodriguez, Dal Canton and Schmetz—these are names to remember. They belong to players who have been infiltrating the major league scene en masse in recent days. The arrival of such newcomers is a traditional end-of-the-season ritual made possible by the expansion of big-league rosters from 25 players to 40 during the first month of play. Past experience indicates that a number of these youngsters will soon become regulars. Outfielder Richie Schenblum of the Indians, Catcher John Bench of the Reds, as well as Pitchers Bruce Dal Canton of the Pirates and Al Schmetz of the Mets fit into the future plans of their parent clubs. And Doug Rader of the Astros and Aurelio Ibanez (Leo) Rodriguez of the Angels have already begun to establish themselves.

Rader, 23 and tagged with the florid—and obvious—nickname of Red, has taken over as cleanup hitter, no small feat on a team with Jay Wynn and Rusty Staub in his first 33 games. Rader, who plays first base and third, hit .336 and drove in 18 runs. Rodriguez (right), a mere lad of 19 from Sonoma, Mexico, hit safely in nine of his first 10 games and fielded flawlessly at third base. He was signed by Angel Vice-President Marvin Milkes who, as a minor league executive, had the distinction of breaking in Ron Santo, Brooks Robinson and Zoilo Versalles. Says Milkes, "Leo is ahead of all of them at this stage." Dal Canton did not allow a run in 6½ innings of relief last week and picked up a win against the Cardinals. Schmetz, though not as effective, did set a major league record in his very first game. He was the 25th in a long line of pitchers of sorts who have been employed by the Mets this season.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CONTESTED CHAMP

Sirs

I can appreciate Whitney Tower's staunch loyalty to Damascus (Now the *Uncontested* Champ, Aug. 28). After all, he was the first to toast the lost last fall, snuck with him through the Derby debacle, and saw himself vindicated by the Preakness, Belmont and all the rest.

But loyalty is one thing and picking Damascus as the uncontested champ over Dr. Fager is another. Certainly Damascus' record is impressive and 22 lengths is a lot of daylight, but who did he beat in that "stunning" Travers? Two conceded sprinters, who were bound to battle for the pace and quit after a mile, and Reason to Hail, a stretch runner who has been raced out of form in what must be one of the toughest 3-year-old stakes campaigns in history. That is not a field against which the class of champions is proven.

In comparing the two horses, how can Tower ignore Dr. Fager's amazing Withers on May 13, in which he met the then-unbeaten Tumaga closer to that sprinter's distance, ran a fantastic second quarter and won in the fastest time for a mile by a 3-year-old in New York racing history? How can Tower imply that Trainer Johnny Neriad wants for soft spots when, instead of sending his proven milo in another mile on Memorial Day, he sent Dr. Fager to the Jersey Derby against In Reality? And how can Tower discount the fact that the one time the two did meet, Damascus lost?

It is unfortunate that Dr. Fager has not had a chance to race more, if only to convince those who equate maximum exposure with maximum ability that he is the best 3-year-old in training. Hopefully Damascus and the rest will get another chance at him soon. I know where my money will be.

LINDA J. GREENHOUSE

Hamden, Conn.

Sirs:

To call Damascus the "uncontested champ" is completely unjustifiable. First of all, in the only head-to-head meeting between Damascus and Dr. Fager, Dr. Fager pulled away at the end with authority. After Damascus lost the race Willie Shoemaker tried to take the blame for the horse's loss by saying that he had started the horse too soon into its stretch drive. If he had started Damascus any later he wouldn't have come as close as he did. Second, they have both faced common opponents, such as In Reality, and they have both scored equally impressive victories. For example, in the Preakness and the American Derby, Damascus beat In Reality in the two races by a total of 9 3/4 lengths. In the Jersey Derby, although disqualified, Dr. Fager scored an

easy 6 1/2-length victory over In Reality. Third and most important, Damascus has lost three races this year one to Exceedingly, a mediocre horse, one to Proud Clarion, who, although a good horse, is certainly not among the top horses, and one to Dr. Fager. Dr. Fager has been unbeatable this year, losing only through disqualification. I predict that if the two horses do eventually meet for a second time this year, Dr. Fager will trounce Damascus.

RICHARD SHAPIRO

Waltham, Mass.

Each horse has since won another race (page 91), but hopefully the question will be resolved on Sept. 30 when Damascus and Dr. Fager—and Buckpasser—are scheduled to meet in the Woodward Stakes at a mile and a quarter.—ED

REMINDER FROM BROOKLYN

Sirs:

Who says a good baseball team has to be dull? William Leggett's delightful article on the zestful St. Louis Cardinals (*Out in Front in Fun and Games*, Sept. 4) proves that a winning team does not have to be composed of staid, spiritless, mechanical robots without personalities. For more than a decade baseball authorities have purposefully attempted to squelch any individuality on the part of their players. They have forgotten that baseball is a game as well as a business.

Hopefully the present Cardinals will reawaken the concept that baseball, even professional baseball, can be fun.

THOMAS MURPHY

Brooklyn

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

Sirs:

Surprise, surprise. SI finally gave credit where credit was due (*The AFL Has a Taste of Glory*, Sept. 4). The Kansas City Chiefs are the best in the AFL and they will prove they are better than the best in the NFL in the next Super Bowl game. You can't say enough about those Super Chiefs.

MIKE MCKIN

Peoria, Ill.

Sirs:

What taste of glory, may I ask? Anyone who considers the Chicago Bears as one of the "top" teams in the NFL is out of his mind. The Kansas City Chiefs must be congratulated, but only for exposing the Bears for what they really are.

WALTER ANDRASE

Cleveland

Sirs:

Rams 50, Chargers 7. Rams 44, Chiefs 24. NFL 13, AFL 3. Nuff sed.

LARRY BRIDGES

New York City

For SI's outlook on the season, see page 48.—ED.

TRICKY TOMMY

Sirs:

Melvin Durslag did a fine job on the article on UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro (*Look the Door! Here Comes Tommy!* Sept. 4), but even so he missed some interesting items on the background of this fascinating man. I speak from the vantage point of his onetime roommate at Duke.

Thompson Prothro was nicknamed "The Hulk." He looked as big, thick and dense as John Steinbeck's Lennie in *Of Mice and Men*. But he had one of the finest minds at the university—when applied to extracurricular activities. He was uncanny at bridge and poker, a master at student politics.

Your article says he was "a blocking back for Wallace Wade." Correction on the field he was Wallace Wade, a heady single-wing quarterback who led his team to the 1942 Rose Bowl.

Incidentally, it is interesting to learn that Prothro now thinks "recruiting is overrated." That wasn't true when he was at Duke, as all fraternities that had to compete for prospective members against SAE knew so well. Prothro had a deserved reputation as the most effective recruiter on campus. Once prospects got as far as Prothro's "hot box," few escaped unpledged. I know. That's how I first met him.

JOHN W. HARTMAN

New York City

Sirs:

I have some thoughts on those very interesting photos of the three UCLA assistant coaches. First, Tommy Prothro's explanation that "coaches often look unusual during a game" is, of course, very true. Also, it is not a denial of the charge. But then, as Mr. Durslag points out, Tommy is a tricky one.

It seems to me rather unlikely that the first two coaches, Tony Kopay and John Jardine, are relaying any illegal signals to the field. Both have been caught in quite common attitudes. Probably Kopay has a habit of trading his hands about his head when he's feeling tension, while Jardine is quite obviously compensating for the lack of a tie clip. In any case, a bright, tricky coach would never develop a signaling system involving three separate relayers.

But the third coach, Lew Stueck, now there's a likely suspect. In the top two photos

continued



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10TH HOLE continued

graphs his fingers are unnaturally spread, and in the bottom one he's holding his neck (and who ever heard of anyone holding his neck?). Stueck is also the only poliest member of the Bruin staff, which makes him a natural for the role of strategic visual target.

I might add that I'd rather our coach be tricky and bright than true blue and dull.

CHARLES CHICCOIA

Los Angeles

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

Sirs:

Stanley Meltzoff obviously knows his strippers, his spear fishing and his craft as an illustrator (*The Striped Bass in Canine Chronicle*, Sept. 4). If, however, he spears striped bass at Martha's Vineyard, as is implied in the article by Duncan Barrios, he would be well advised to take a refresher course in Massachusetts law. This reads, in part: "No person shall take, or attempt to take, with or by use of a net, seine or any other contrivance of any kind or description, except hook and line, any striped bass within the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth." The penalty ranges from \$500 to \$1000 and 60 days in jail—and I would hate to see anyone of Mr. Meltzoff's ability in underwater art subject to such a fine.

HENRY LYMAN,
Publisher, *The Salt
Water Sportsman*

Boston

● Don't worry: When Artist Meltzoff pursues strippers in Massachusetts, he leaves his spear at home in New Jersey—ED.

HOME OF THE HORSE

Sirs:

We of the Thoroughbred Breeders of Kentucky, Inc. would like respectfully to take issue with the last sentence of your August 28 *SCORE* cartoon, "Blinders On," wherein you refer to "the decline of the Kentucky horse industry." The Thoroughbred industry in Kentucky is at an all-time high, both

in quantity and quality. In 1957, Kentucky produced 3,061 foals. In 1965, it produced 3,536. In 1957, 933 yearlings were sold at auction in Kentucky for a gross of \$4,614,150, and in 1966, 1,292 yearlings brought a record \$8,932,300.

In the last seven years (since figures on Kentucky-bred horses have been maintained), Kentucky has produced 54% of the stakes winners of all open stakes with a value of \$10,000 or more. This percentage has remained constant even though greater production in other areas has reduced Kentucky's percentage of the total foals from 25.7 to 19.5.

We do not believe these figures indicate a decline.

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